Keith Richard: Soul Survivor/Running Fever by Sam Merrill

Peter Firth Among the Horses by Andrew Tobias

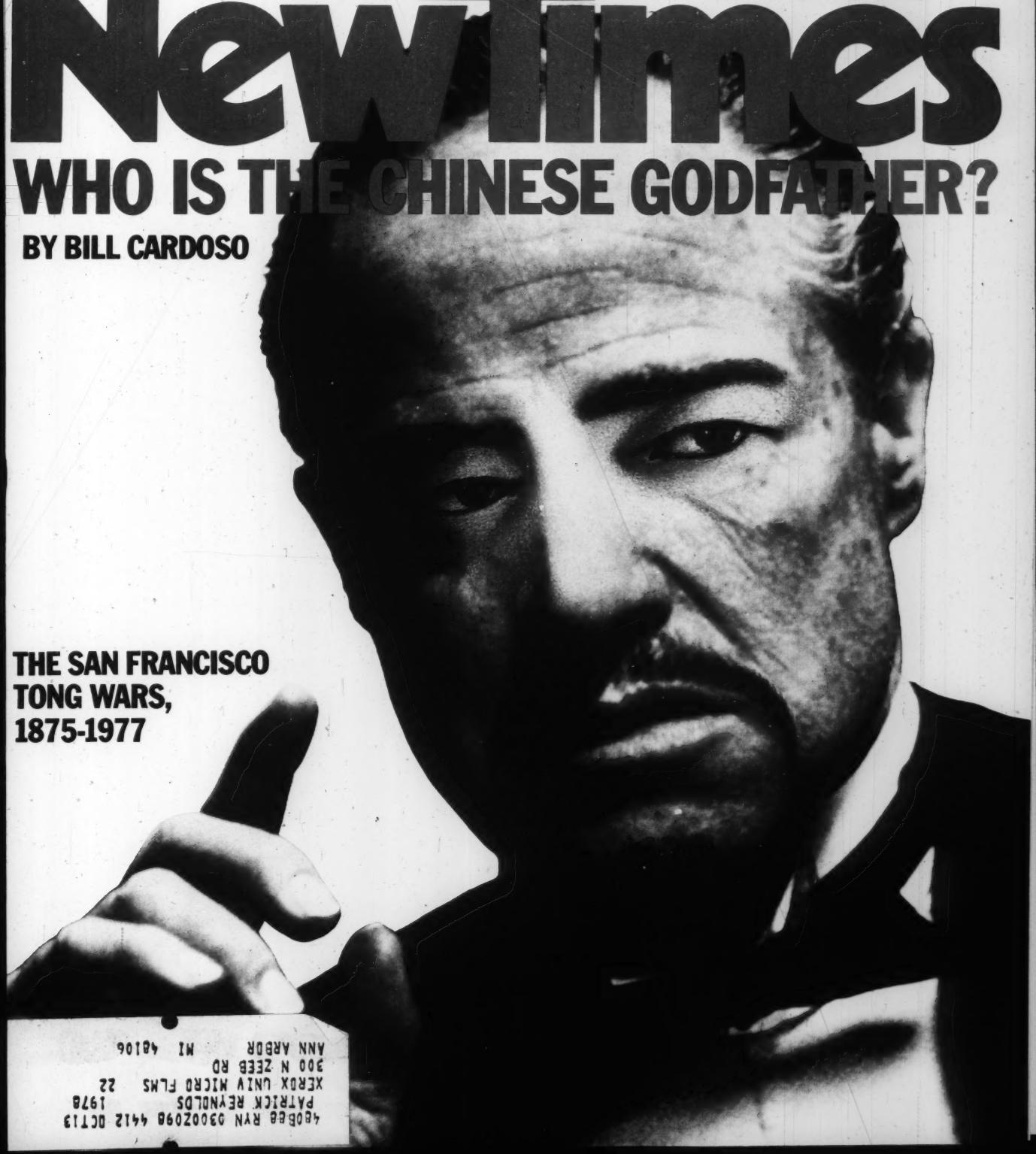
Gunning for Mr. Goodbar/Excremento

OCTOBER 28, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times

WHO IS THE CHINESE GODFATHER?

BY BILL CARDOSO



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PROFESSION: Film animation producer, director and designer

HOBBIES: Music, painting, handball.

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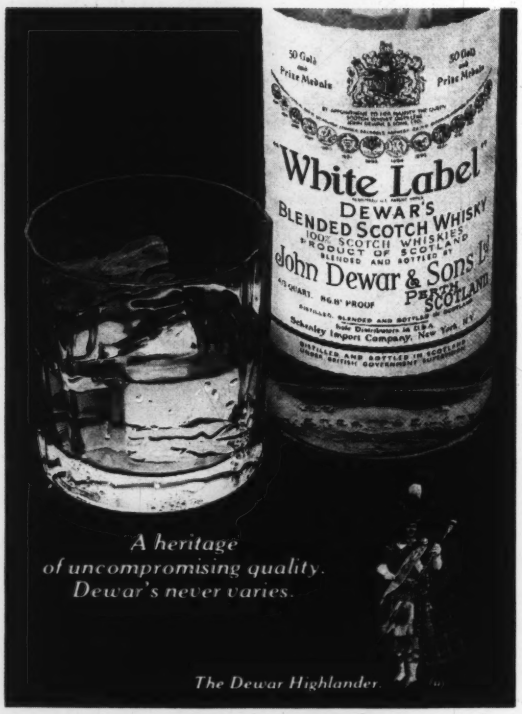

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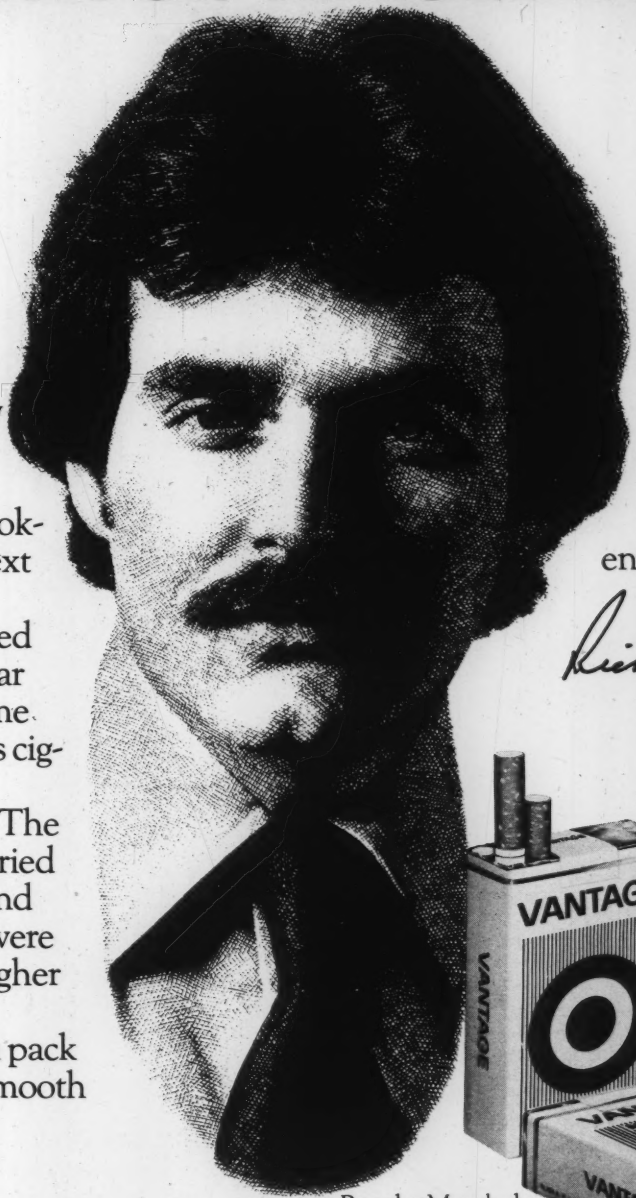
"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



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Rick Lawrence
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THE PLYMOUTH ARROWS FOR '78

New Times

OCTOBER 28, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 9

The Golden Dragon Labor Day Massacre

The killing of five innocent people during a shoot-out in a Chinatown restaurant last month was hardly a boon to San Francisco's chief industry—tourism. Chinese youth gangs are on the rampage, and neither the mayor nor the Chinese elders have the faintest idea what to do about it. The story of King Tong, in the Year of the Rat-tat-tat.

By Bill Cardoso
Page 20

Excremento

By 1990, America will be producing 2 million tons of sludge a year—more than twice the amount we can handle. But the recycling of human waste as fertilizer may be just the answer that's blowin' in the wind.

By William Tucker
Page 38

COVER
ART BY JAY HARPER

Peter Firth Shies Like a Horse

The question in *Equus* is not how a man can blind a horse, but how an untrained and not very articulate English discovery named Peter Firth can play such a convincing Alan Strang. The answer may be that he is as strange as Strang.

By Andrew Tobias
Page 48

Man on the Run

He'd been searching for the apartment for six months. Brick walls, oversized windows, parquet floors—it was perfect. So when the author turned it down because it was too far from the Central Park running track, he knew he had an obsession on his hands.

By Sam Merrill
Page 60

Keith Richard Soul Survivor

Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin were dead by the end of 1970, and it was obvious who the next victim would be. But today, everyone's first choice for corpsedom is alive and well in Westchester County—and he's even gotten his teeth fixed. Love him live.

By Patrick Carr
Page 70

Party Lines
Walter Mondale takes the gas out of Jim Abourezk's filibuster.
By Robert Shrum
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Is Andy Young really playing in Jackie Robinson's old league?
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Final Tribute
The grand old man of soccer.
By Mark Goodman
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Jim Abourezk does it his way

Bartender, bouncer, engineer, rancher—Jim Abourezk's road to the United States Senate was hardly typical. But then nothing about him is. Out of boredom, he became a lawyer at the age of 35; ran unsuccessfully for Attorney General of South Dakota in 1968 ("to publicize my law practice"); was barely elected to Congress in 1970 as a Democrat in a heavily Republican district; and was elected to the Senate by a landslide two years later.

Unlike most of his colleagues, Abourezk retains a sense of proportion about his unexpected success. In fact, he is so little taken by his own power and glory that he's not even running for a second term next year, partly because the Senate's inflated sense of protocol and self-importance alternately frustrates, amuses and bores him. He is that rare politician who takes issues, but not himself, seriously. In every way, his role in the recent Senate struggle over the deregulation of the price of natural gas was in character.

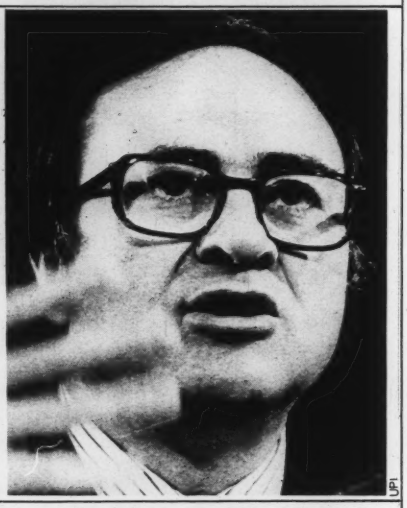
In mid-September, another first-term Democrat, Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, had come to Abourezk. If the conservatives tried to attach deregulation onto the President's energy package, said Metzenbaum, he intended to fight it—with a filibuster if necessary. He wanted Abourezk to help because the South Dakotan knew the fine points of Senate rules. Liberal senators generally lack the patience for learning procedural intricacies. But last year, Abourezk had mastered the game, playing it against Alabaman James Allen, who was talking the Anti-Trust Improvements Act into legislative oblivion.

Now Metzenbaum was urging him to put his knowledge to use on the other side of a filibuster. Abourezk asked his Administrative Assistant, Pete Stavrianos, what he thought about it. "If you can beat deregulation," Stavrianos told him, "you'll have done more for the people of this country than in all the rest of your eight years in Congress."

Deregulation, which would take effect in 1979 under the proposal of Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen and Kansas Republican James Pearson, would directly cost the average U.S. family $400 a year and would bring natural gas producers an additional $80 billion over the next seven years. This is 60 percent more than Carter's plan, which itself calls for a hefty 25 percent increase over current prices.

"In every dimension, political, psychological, and metaphysical, it was a magnificent victory in the context of our defeat"

Abourezk, who favors outright nationalization of the oil industry and who doubts that higher prices will encourage conservation, nonetheless decided to filibuster for the Administration's package. "At best it's an extremely moderate position," he said, "but it's better than deregulation."


UPI

Abourezk and Metzenbaum had judged that the Senate deregulators had a slight majority. This was confirmed on September 22, when the Senate refused, by six votes, to table the deregulation amendment. The Abourezk-Metzenbaum filibuster promptly began. Majority leader Robert Byrd, who himself had filibustered the 1964 Civil Rights Act, now denounced the tactic as "an outrage." Byrd's overriding commitment these days is to an efficient Senate, and on Monday, September 26, he moved to break the filibuster, encouraging the Senate to vote for a cloture motion to cut off debate, which it did, 77 to 17.

But Abourezk had outsmarted the majority leader, normally the Senate's shrewdest procedural technician. The South Dakotan knew that any amendments introduced before cloture still must be voted on, so he and Metzenbaum had submitted 508 of them. And now they were demanding separate roll calls on each, with quorum calls in between, a process that could tie up the Senate for weeks. Byrd was enraged by the tactic. He challenged Abourezk to explain the necessity of voting one by one on an endless succession of losing amendments. Well, replied Abourezk, there was a Republican senator with a bad voting record who had asked for the chance to improve his percentage; it was just a matter of senatorial courtesy to let him cast a lot of votes.

On Wednesday, September 28, Byrd tried to break the filibuster with an all-night session. The aim was to wear Abourezk and Metzenbaum down and out. But they managed to get a little rest when Iowan John Culver woke 75-year-old Jennings Randolph from a fitful sleep in the cloakroom at 3 a.m. "Jennings," Culver, a 240-pound former Harvard fullback boomed, "there's a high school group from West Virginia out here for photographs." Randolph instinctively came to, jumped up, smoothed his suit and combed his hair. Then, since he was awake anyway, and though he favors deregulation, he volunteered to hold the Senate floor for awhile so his younger colleagues could take a break.

"The all-night session backfired," Abourezk recalls. "Instead of wearing us out, it made the public aware of the issue." Telegrams started to pour in. Abourezk hoped that the outside pressure eventually might yield the few votes necessary to beat deregulation. It was at this point that Byrd offered a compromise fashioned by Energy Committee Chairman Henry Jackson. Under it, natural gas prices still would have been regulated; the producers, however, would receive $30 billion more than the Carter bill gave them, but $50 billion less than the Pearson-

Mondale pleaded with "the gruesome twosome" that he didn't know all that much about the energy issue and didn't really want to get involved

Bentsen deregulation proposal. Abourezk and Metzenbaum, though they opposed the compromise on the merits, agreed to let the Senate vote on it. But Louisiana Senator Russell Long, himself an oil millionaire, turned the filibuster on its head; he said he would stall the Senate, calling up all the Abourezk and Metzenbaum amendments, until outright deregulation was approved. Byrd was forced to withdraw his compromise.

So Abourezk and Metzenbaum, "the gruesome twosome," as they had been nicknamed, went back to filibustering. By now, they were beginning to gain the active support of other liberals. Edward Kennedy and Birch Bayh were on the Senate floor nearly full-time to assist in the procedural clinches, and Kennedy's staff managed to schedule media-catching hearings on the costs of deregulation.

By September 29, the Senate was just two votes shy of tabling deregulation. The gain from the initial six vote-deficit, says one eastern Democrat, "was little thanks to the Administration." Not for the first time, White House lobbyists were unable to settle on a legislative strategy; part of the problem was that even though the purpose of the filibuster was to save Carter's plan, the President didn't want to offend Byrd. And once, Carter even seemed confused about the substance of the issue at hand. Though he had threatened to veto deregulation, he told a senator on the phone that he could live with another alternative, one which amounted to deregulation.

The liberals were worried, as one of them put it, "that Carter won't stick to strong positions." So on Saturday, September 30, Abourezk and Metzenbaum met first with Vice President Mondale and then with Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. Mondale pleaded that he didn't know all that much about the energy issue and didn't really want to get involved.

Schlesinger, however, proved more encouraging. Abourezk asked him for a presidential reiteration of the veto threat and also recommended that instead of lobbying on the phone, Carter should invite four swing senators to the Oval Office for some in-person presidential persuasion. Schlesinger seemed receptive to both ideas, and after the meeting told an aide that now they probably could garner the necessary votes.

Abourezk was encouraged. He and Metzenbaum could—and would—go on for another ten days, he told reporters. He was full of fight: "Why don't we just pass a law giving the oil companies the key to Fort Knox and we can forget about it?"

When the Senate convened on Monday, October 2, the eleventh day of the filibuster, Abourezk and Metzenbaum believed the battle was going well. Ominously, however, Vice President Mondale was in the chamber; although by law he is the Senate's presiding officer, he is rarely present.

Suddenly Robert Byrd was on his feet offering a series of procedural motions that would dispose of dozens of the filibuster amendments. Mondale ignored a cacophony of objections from a score of senators as he pushed Byrd's motions through. Byrd could have put any willing senator in the chair to do Mondale's deed. But the majority leader, whose help has become increasingly vital to the Administration, had demanded the vice-president's complicity.

Now even senators who had not participated in the filibuster were, literally, screaming. Colorado's Gary Hart, who at first had favored deregulation, denounced the proceeding as "a steamroller." Abourezk himself couldn't believe what was happening. He had had no forewarning from the Administration; neither he nor Metzenbaum received a White House call afterward. With his irrepressible, impolitic tendency to say what he thinks, Abourezk decided that Jimmy Carter was "a liar" and said so.

Today, Abourezk still is angry. "I had wondered," he says, "whether 20 oil companies or 200 million Americans ran this country. Now I know." Still, his filibuster gained some ground for the consumer. Because of it, the final energy plan, which will be a compromise between the Senate version and a House bill that retains natural gas regulation, will set a lesser price increase. It was a hard fight for a fraction of a loaf, but in a mellow moment, Abourezk compares the outcome to a Lebanese journalist's verdict on the Arab loss in the 1973 war: "In every dimension, political, psychological, and metaphysical, it was a magnificent victory in the context of our defeat."

Along the way to engineering, lawyering and politicking, one of Jim Abourezk's odd jobs was selling used cars. He intends to practice law after he leaves the Senate next year. But if he should ever happen to set up an Abourezk Motors—well, from this man, you could buy a used car.●

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Media /By Peter H. Wood

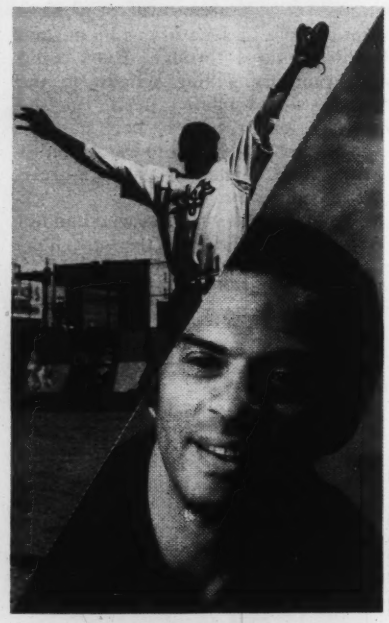
Andy Young breaks into the big leagues

When Jackie Robinson broke into the big leagues in 1947, he could do everything well; he was equally fine as a hitter, a fielder and a base runner. At Montreal the previous year he had led the International League with a .349 batting average and outclassed all other second basemen with a .985 fielding percentage. But in the majors the attribute that immediately came to preoccupy the white media, as it was said to "transfix" rival pitchers and catchers, was his base-stealing ability. One of the most vivid pictures in my childhood sports scrapbook was a wirephoto of the National League's first black athlete trapped in a rundown between third and home under the caption "Robinson Caught."

As an ardent baseball fan I could readily appreciate Robinson's skill on the base paths, even if he played for the powerful and hated "Brooklyn Bums." But it took me much longer to understand the media's fixation on this versatile ballplayer as primarily a base stealer. I am now convinced that "stealing" provided the central metaphor through which a racially prejudiced and physically segregated white America resisted, and then reconciled, the presence of a black man on the nation's diamonds. The circular equation, though never stated, was a simple one: "Stealing is accepted in baseball, if you can get away with it. Colored folks steal all the time. Robinson is colored, and he steals all the time and gets away with it. Robinson must be accepted in baseball."

For millions of pink-skinned Americans, this acceptance was no easy matter. After all, it meant that the presence of blacks in white-run schools, restrooms, government offices and spaceships was only a matter of time. The topic of Robinson's "breaking into the league" (the standard phrase took on added import) demanded repeated reference and reassurances, and the rich imagery of base running provided the necessary double meanings. Commentators claimed that his coaches let him "take whatever he could get." And his special trait as the most artful Dodger, the media made clear, was his daring ability to "steal home." He would attempt this theft "when you least suspected it," and "if he got caught he would try again." Robinson, as baseball vernacular would have it, "could steal anything that wasn't nailed down."

If Robinson stole more readily than white ballplayers, he must be faster on his toes, and that idea conformed to an age-old cultural notion. The line "Feets, do your stuff," while probably never muttered in the melon patch or in



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DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Mr. Ebbets' field, had been heard on stage for generations and linked with the black character known as "Jim Crow." Two persons common to most ethnic comedy, a country rube and an urban dandy, had emerged from nineteenth century "Negro" minstrel shows. And with white folks preempting the minstrel routine to perform racial satire in black-face, the roles of "Jim Crow" and his city opposite, known as "Jim Dandy" or "Zip Coon," became increasingly derogatory and increasingly well-known. It is not surprising that Jackie Robinson, born in rural Cairo, Georgia, was made to fulfill certain aspects of the Jim Crow stereotype—a strong black country boy who didn't say much but was shifty and fast on his feet. More than most base runners, he was said to "dance" off first base. (Did the hefty, slightly pigeon-toed second baseman really "dance"?) Like an earlier Robinson—William "Mr. Bo Jangles" of movie dancing fame—he was believed to have used his feet, not his head, to win respect from a biased white public; according to lore, Branch Rickey chose him because he would perform, rather than talk back.

The National League has changed a great deal in the three decades since Mr. Rickey integrated "the Boys of Summer." At the All-Star Game last July, Robinson was eulogized with only limited reference to his role in breaking the color bar or to his early reputation on the base paths. This summer's fascination with the achievements of another master base runner, the Cardinals' black outfielder Lou Brock, centered around the drama of age rather than race. So memories of Robinson's media image as a base stealer would no longer be of much importance, if it were not for the fact that another versatile and aspiring black has broken into a bigger American league this season. The presence of Andrew Young in the position of U.N. Ambassador has been a source of remarkable consternation to the white-run media and to the public it "informs."

Just as Robinson was pressed into the traditional mold of Jim Crow, even as he undermined the segregationist practices that had come to bear Jim Crow's name, so Andrew Young is now being squeezed into the Zip Coon stereotype, even as he challenges much that it represents. This negative caricature has traditionally focused upon light-skinned blacks who make it in the big city, dudes who show class and, through some manner of "uppity" or aggressive behavior, pose a problem for the Man. An unstated part of the issue for race-conscious whites often involves visible European ancestry (Young, for example, is part Polish) or the appropriation of white power symbols (like his New Orleans father, Young was named for Andrew Jackson). But the stereotype itself revolves around matters of style (the ambassador's official suite is in the swanky Waldorf Towers) and focuses specifically on speech. Like others before him who have occupied this mold—Frederick Douglass, Malcolm X, Adam Clayton

Powell, Muhammad Ali—Young is felt to talk too much for the good of the status quo. The speed of his tongue, like the speed of Robinson's feet, is exaggerated, caricatured, and then made to seem dangerous and threatening.

All year, magazine editors have tried to explain to their readers "How Andy Young Gets Away With It" (cover of *New Times*, July 8), just as sports writers did with Robinson in the summer of '47. On the covers of *Newsweek* and *Playboy*, the discrete code word regarding Young was "outspoken." But inside the tone is likely to shift. *Newsweek* followed its cover story with a cautionary piece under the title, "Andy Young, Andy Young." The heading not only suggests the mindless repetition of which Young is being accused, but specifically invokes *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. It was a double put-down of both women and blacks. We all know, it implied, that even when women are entertaining and engaging, they are also funky, talkative, impetuous, childlike and irresponsible, just like Louise Lasser, and Negroes have the same tendencies—look at Andrew Young. Earlier, *Newsweek* had cited with relish the observation of a British diplomat's comment that "Andy Young is at the stage Martha Mitchell once reached."

Inevitably, conservative spokespersons, such as Jesse Helms and William F. Buckley, have seized upon the notion of Young as a loose-tongued con artist in order to deflate his notions about human equality. This image of Young as a fast-talking and thoughtless buffoon was illustrated in a June 9 *Washington Post* column by George F. Will entitled "Diplomatic Vaudeville (Starring Andy Young)." The sole purpose of the piece was to suggest that Young, though "a man of essential goodwill, even sweetness," could be regarded as nothing more than a "theatrical" mime, an incompetent and impetuous "parody." "It is abundantly clear," Will wrote categorically, "that Young has neither the temperament nor the clarity of mind necessary for the responsibilities he has assumed." The glib columnist called the Ambassador "cute" but "naughty," with "a child's eagerness to seize the spotlight" and with "the shallowness of a child's mind." He charged that this "scold without portfolio" has "learned nothing," and is "making up with rhetoric what he lacks in responsibility." He went on to accuse Young of "extravagant silliness," "locker-room vulgarity," and (for describing Richard Nixon as racist) "reckless name-calling."

The striking thing about Will's column was not its patronizing tone or overwritten style, but its use, no doubt largely unconscious, of a particular constellation of adjectives that have been invoked traditionally to characterize black Americans in a negative light, irrespective of individual attributes. The Ambassador is forced into a time-honored mold as being theatrical, vulgar, reckless, shallow, unteachable and childlike. Sambo, according to Will, is alive and well at the United Nations.

The Zip Coon mold remains equally accessible to liberals and they have not hesitated to use it. A week after Will's column appeared, *The Nation* ran a lead editorial entitled "A Little Less Noise, Please." Like the Will column, it used a very specialized vocabulary to chastise the first black U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Young was "much too voluble," guilty of "wide-swinging speeches," "pronouncements," "shockers" and random "static." "Overexposure," said the journal, "is hardly an adequate term for the constant stream of thoughts, dreams, fantasies and preachments of President Carter's Ambassador." So the editors selected their own word for what "afflicts Young": *logorrhea*. Explicitly, the term means "excessive and often incoherent talkativeness." Implicitly, it clearly means much more: verbal diarrhea, running off uncontrollably at the mouth. (One need not be a professional analyst to see that this in turn implies that a person with logorrhea is, pardon the expression, full of shit.) According to *The Nation*, the afflicted Ambassador "will give anyone the benefit of his thinking or notions on almost any subject proposed; his verbal pump needs no priming." The editorial accused Young of "a cascade of words" and concluded by calling on him "to reduce the flow."

"Teeths, do your stuff." The oral stereotype of black Americans is remarkably durable, dating from the thick-lips-and-wide-smile distortions of slavery time. Whites have used it to express envy and admiration, hostility and scorn, twisting the caricature to suit their own ambivalent needs. Louis Armstrong playing the trumpet, Willis Reed eating yogurt, Ella Fitzgerald shattering a wine glass are all connected indirectly to the postcard pickaninny devouring watermelon. And so is Andrew Young, at least for his rookie season. No matter what his complex strengths and weaknesses, he must remain a loose-lipped and irrepressible Jim Dandy, dressed down occasionally by the Georgia planter in the Big House. The media, it appears, will stick with this outlandish but venerable image until the league in which Young plays has been more fully integrated and the white establishment and public has worked through its formula of racial anxiety one more time, at a new level. Then perhaps Young will retire, as Jackie Robinson did, and go to work for Chock full O' Nuts.●

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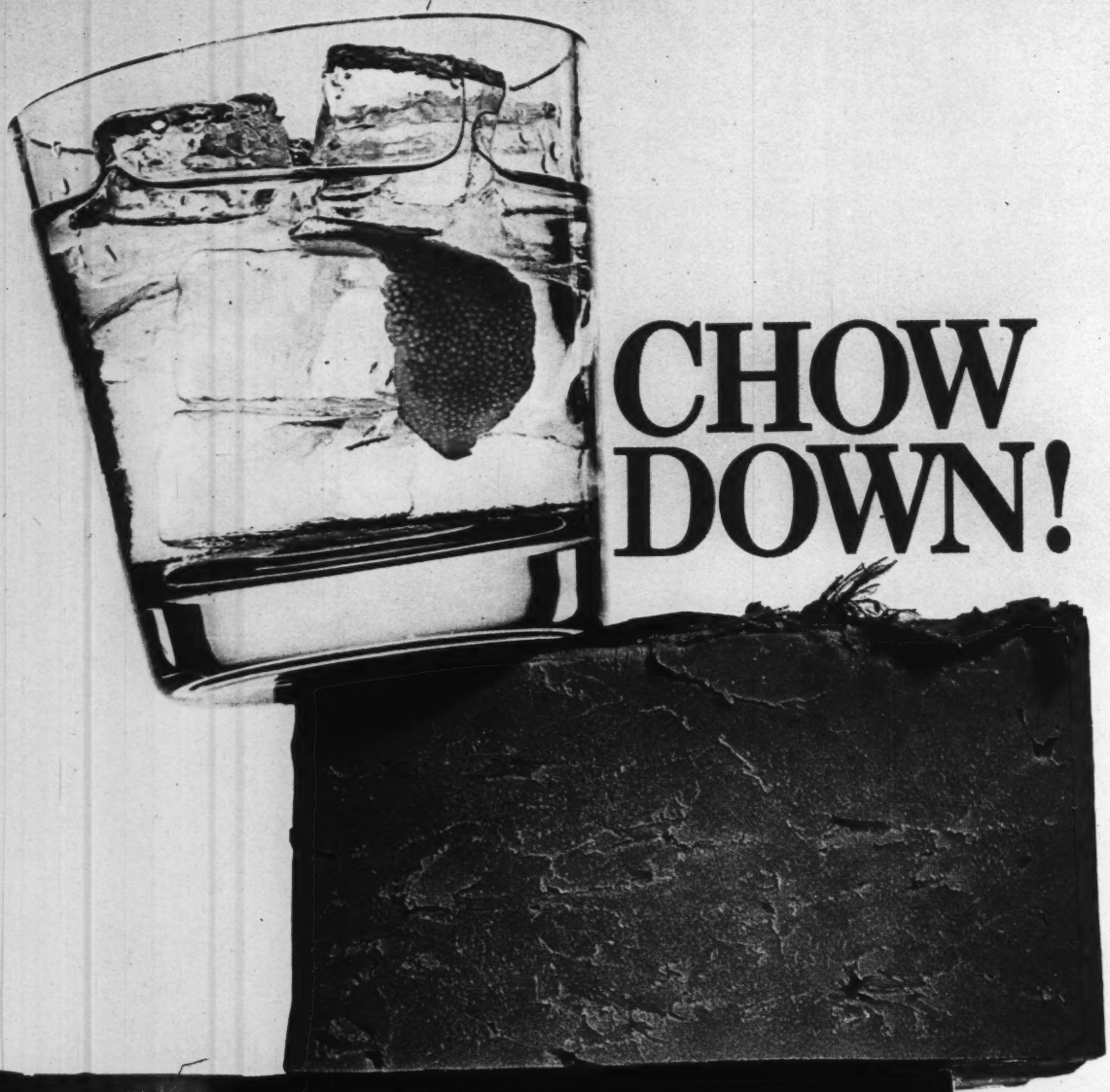

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The 50¢ President's Club/Sly Stallone writes his masterpiece

The Insider

J-I-M/M is for Money . . . M-Y-C/See you in November . . . A-R-T-E-R!

Time was, in the mid-sixties, when the President's Club of the Democratic National Committee carried some cachet. Now it's as easy to join as Mickey Mouse's.

Dreamed up as a fancy fund-raising technique by Arthur Krim, chairman of United Artists and then DNC finance chairman, the President's Club was for the Democratic faithful who contributed $1,000. In return, the donors would get invites to a cocktail party dotted with JFK's or, later, LBJ's intimates, a White House seminar or two, and sometimes the ultimate: a White House dinner.

In the age of Jimmy Carter, the impoverished DNC is taking a populist approach to erasing its $2.5 million debt. And the old-guard finance wizards, Krim and Lee Kling, from Missouri, have given way to Carter operatives from Georgia and a Texas banker, Jess Hay, as finance chairman.

In the next few weeks, about 1.4 million potentially sympathetic citizens will have received envelopes in which the President invites new members to join the President's Club. How much? Cheaper than an Orphan Annie decoder ring. "We've had a few hundred who've joined for $1, a few for 50 cents," says a DNC spokeswoman, who calls the mass mailing a "people's program."

The mailing (which went to a variety of rented lists, including subscribers to magazines as diverse as *Encore*, *Essence*, and *Commentary*) has cost the DNC $400,000. "Money well spent," predicts the spokeswoman.

But there still are class clubs for rich boys: the 1600 Club, which takes $1,000 donors only; the National Finance Council, whose members are expected to raise or give $5,000; and the top-scale Executive Committee, with each committee person expected to haul in nine $5,000 donors. The Democrats want to spend $1 million on next year's congressional races.

—Jane Perlez

Jimmy and buddies: Nonrestrictive club

The OMB moves to Peachtree Street

UPI

MacIntyre: No pinch-hitter

For Jimmy Carter, the Office of Management and Budget seems to be Georgian turf: from Bert Lance, the President hopped to his native brother James MacIntyre. Now it seems that Carter will stick with him. MacIntyre served in Jimmy's Georgia state administration, and Carter felt comfortable with him. If he handles the current budget, making progress effectively, and if he can manage to develop a good relationship with Democratic congressional leaders, Carter is inclined to make him the full OMB director. This will disturb a number of Democratic leaders who'd hoped that the President would place a more traditionally trained pro, with extensive federal budget experience, in the post.

Politics

State thinks Panama treaty's on rocks; the President will push

The State Department thinks that the Panama Treaty is in very real danger. The President has been urged to give not one but two fireside chats on the treaty. The second would be a follow up based on public reaction to the first. Carter, however, does not like to give speeches, and State Department officials are worried that without a persuasive presidential explanation of the treaty, all the inside briefings of congressmen and opinion leaders will do no good. One White House source says the President is just biding his time and will launch a public campaign for ratification at the end of the year.

UPI

Panamanians: How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?

The critical date may be the Panamanian plebiscite on October 23, after which Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos says he will provide the necessary public clarifications on the issues of priority passage for U.S. ships and the U.S. right to intervene to protect the canal. The treaty was left intentionally ambiguous on those points to smooth Panamanian sensibilities and to keep things cool in Canal land.

Hang down your head, Arch Simonson

Don't cry a lot for Archie Simonson. Wisconsin's most famous ex-judge and rapists' rationalizer isn't standing in any welfare lines. Since he was ravaged at the polls by Moira Krueger, Simonson has exchanged his seat on the Dade County bench for swivels on the *Today* and *Good Morning* a.m. television shows. The gambit, it seems, has only just begun. With an agent in town and plans for a book already in the works, the defrocked juror is reaping the rape market.

"It appears there will be some call for my time," Simonson said as he weighed publishers' offers to set down his views on the "contemporary moral climate of the country."

Along with Tom Dooley and Hurricane Carter, legendary Archie Simonson has even gotten his own ballad: "The Judge Said" (sung to the tune of "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home"). The single on Cassandra Records was composed by 76-year-old folksinger/songwriter Malvina Reynolds (who years ago wrote "What Have They Done to the Rain?"):

The Judge said, Screw 'em!
Boys you're only human.
They brought in on themselves by being born a woman.
Like a mountain's there to climb and food's there to eat,
Woman's there to rape, to be shoved around and beaten.

Simonson, for his part, harbors only magnanimity toward his detractors: "I can only ask the Lord to forgive them, for they know not what they've been doing." —*Elliot Pinsky*

Just the facts, Ma'am

Last issue, we ran an item which said that NBC crews had foreclosed any chance of running another "A Day in the Life of the President" show by trampling into the Oval Office with muddy boots, destroying property, lifting a national heirloom.

Well. The story's been denied by some very good sources, including the unlikely union of the White House press office and John Chancellor. When we called back our main source on the story, he hung up the phone on us. Our second source said that the story was true except for one thing: a number of outlets did the damage, not just NBC.

Seventies

Nothing sacred in Chicago, including medical records

Chicagoans beware. Those neuroses you've been unloading on your analyst are in danger of becoming courtroom evidence—public access gossip—if courts now hearing a landmark suit determine that the state's attempt to obtain evidence for a criminal prosecution outweighs a patient's right to privacy.

County attorneys investigating alleged patient abuse and insurance fraud on the part of Chicago Lakeshore Hospital have subpoenaed the private records of 1,990 former patients of the institution. Two of those patients have joined their psychiatrist and the hospital in trying to quash the subpoenas.

"This has been one of the more perplexing questions I've encountered . . . involving the balancing of rights and duties," wrote Judge Louis Garippo in deciding that the state's need to investigate outweighed patient confidentiality. But he invited legal appeals of his ruling—they were instantly filed—and froze all hospital records from the grand jury until the matter is resolved.

The patients, many of whom only learned of the suit by reading the newspapers, fear the effects of their hospitalizations being made public. "It would jeopardize my job, no doubt about it," says Jane, one of the parties to the suit. "The very fact of my having been in a psychiatric hospital would tend to make people assume that there would be an element of instability."

"If my name ever came out without my consent," says another of the patients, "I would never—*never*—go back into a hospital, even if I had another breakdown. I would die first."

—*Mick Zielenziger*

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Joe Buck: The world's oldest profession

Irving La Douce

Last year, police in Brockton, Massachusetts (a Boston suburb), arrested a 32-year-old man and charged him with prostitution. The defendant, Fred Doane, proprietor of a one-man massage parlor, had allegedly catered to the sensual needs of male and female customers; he had practiced his erotic therapy at a small apartment in downtown Brockton and had made housecalls to shut-ins and other neglected types.

It was considerate of him, but Detective Lt. John Bukunt considered it a crime. The courts, subsequently, ruled otherwise: they found that, under Massachusetts state law, a male could not be charged with prostitution. The decision created a furor, particularly among women's groups, and turned Fred into a celebrity: he was written about in local newspapers and profiled in *Oui* magazine.

Now, however, the Boston Police Patrolmen's Association and the Police Officers' Legislative Organization of Massachusetts are sponsoring legislation to add "he" to the statutes dealing with prostitution.

Jim Mills, legislative liaison for the two organizations, is pushing the changes with a vengeance: "As police officers, we run into these homosexual things because they lead to other things that cause murder . . . the jealousy between a male and female is puppy love as compared to the jealousy between homosexuals . . . "

Mills is a baritone version of Anita Bryant. Two of the amendments have already been approved, and the remainder are expected to be enacted during the current legislative session.

"We don't get many complaints about male prostitution in Brockton," Lieutenant Bukunt admitted. "But if we do in the future, we'll be able to do something about it that we couldn't do with Freddy."

—*Craig Waters*

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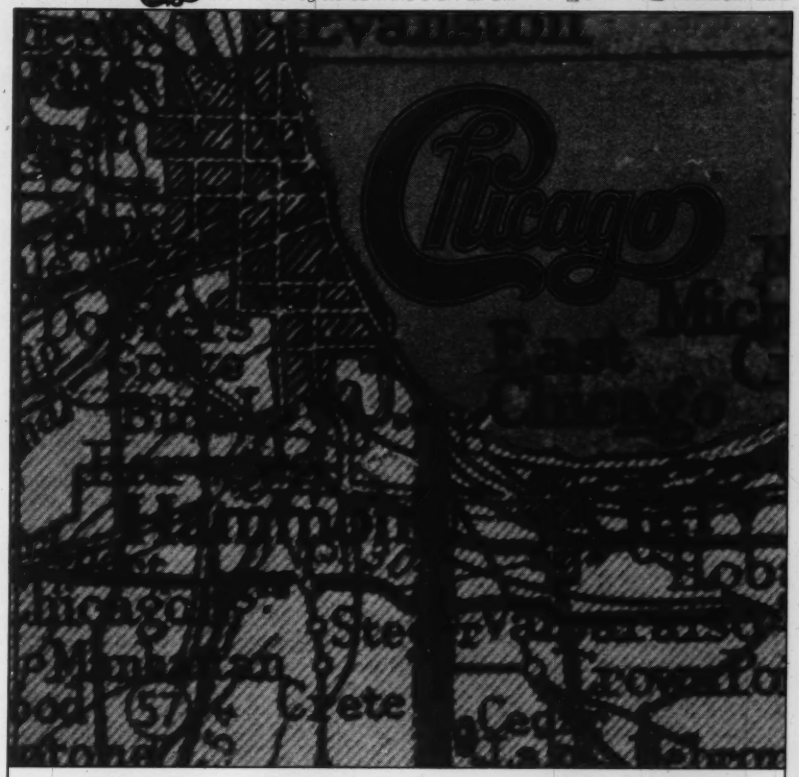

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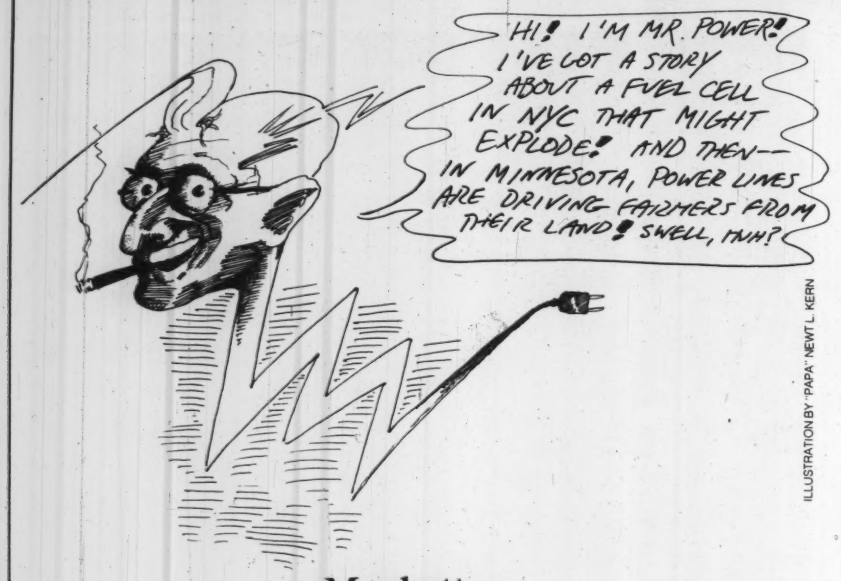

HI! I'M MR. POWER! I'VE GOT A STORY ABOUT A FUEL CELL IN NYC THAT MIGHT EXPLODE! AND THEN— IN MINNESOTA, POWER LINES ARE DRIVING FARMERS FROM THEIR LAND! SWELL, HUH?

ILLUSTRATION BY 'PAPA' NEWT L. KERN

Manhattan

The company that lights and blacks out New York City, Consolidated Edison, once more finds itself at the center of controversy, this time over the experimental electrical power plant it wishes to build in the middle of Manhattan called a naptha fuel cell. Advocates say it can produce electricity cheaply and without pollution. Opponents say Con Ed can't refute the cell's ability to explode to bits the dense population of the area.

The naptha fuel cell concept is being promoted by the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), and is a product of the space age, having been developed by United Technologies to provide power in the Apollo and Gemini spacecraft.

Between 1971 and 1973 such cells were also used to provide electrical power on an experimental basis to 50 apartment houses, commercial establishments and small industrial buildings. ERDA is promoting the fuel cell as an ideal means of producing electricity in our urban centers.

The operation will be the first fuel cell used as a commercially viable means of producing a substantial amount of electrical power (4.8 megawatts) in an urban setting. Con Edison was selected by ERDA to build the experimental power plant following a national competition in which some 52 utility companies submitted proposals. More than half of the $50 million cost of the plant will be paid for by ERDA, and if it is successful, Con Edison plans to build ten larger (26-megawatt, "optimum size") fuel cells around New York City.

Despite their promise (even environmentalists at the Sierra Club had kind words), local communities where the fuel cells are to be placed point out that there is an element of danger—the explosive kind. Con Edison plans to have some 50,000 gallons of naptha ("no more dangerous than gasoline") stored at the first fuel cell site in two underground tanks. The fuel cell processes naptha, a hydrocarbon, to produce hydrogen and carbon dioxide. The chemical energy that bonds the atoms of hydrogen from the fuel and oxygen in the air (making water) is converted into electrical energy. "A fuel cell," said a Con Edison spokesman, "is a power plant which, like a battery, converts chemical energy directly into electrical energy."

The Hitchcockian potential exists in a densely populated urban setting (the underground tanks would be situated amidst a large housing development, near a playground), where the explosion of 50,000 gallons of naptha would create a big, body-strewn crater. And no one seems to know *what* exact precautions should be taken. The New York City Fire Department has stated that it cannot rule the project safe on the basis of information submitted by Con Edison.

Members of the community where the first plant will be built have denounced the project, arguing that proposed safety precautions are inadequate. They found Con Edison's "reluctance to submit data which they have " to the Fire Department and other government agencies ominous. "There is no guarantee this thing won't be a disaster, especially in view of Con Edison's safety record," one resident said: "If this thing blows up they'll just say: 'We'll fly you to heaven a little bit faster.'"

—Josh Martin

Minnesota

As tense farmers met in Lowry, Minnesota, to discuss construction of a massive power line through their land, a little lady in pink who fingered a rosary kept rising to offer her explanation. Communists, she said, were behind the power companies.

The farmers didn't buy that analysis, but found it easy to read a different kind of conspiracy theory into the reason they're being elbowed off their land: "It's the power system," said Verlin Marth of Herman, Minnesota. "A combination of politicians and large corporations coming down on individuals."

The power line at issue, a 475-mile cable, would be suspended on 170-foot towers strung from central North Dakota to the Minneapolis area in southeast Minnesota. In North Dakota, construction has gone unchallenged; for two years Minnesota farmers have used everything in their arsenal to keep the 400,000-volt monster from snaking through their territory.

Cooperative Power Association and United Power Association have already sunk $1 billion into its construction, not to mention what a spokesman calls hundreds of thousands in legal fees. The billion dollars is on loan from the Rural Electrification Agency, a New Deal project created to bring electricity to farmers.

The Minnesota farmers call the line an obstruction to farming and a safety hazard. They also call it arrogance on the part of the power companies in taking their land by eminent domain. When surveyors ambled on to private land in western Pope and Meeker Counties a year ago to chalk out the line's 50-foot-square pedestals, farmers brought guns to get them off.

This month, though, the Minnesota Supreme Court ruled there was nothing illegal about the way the companies set up the route for the line—clearing the way for its construction.

Bitter farmers, packed into the second floor of the Lowry firehouse, their silhouettes starkly visible through the frosted windows, vowed to start a new case to get into federal court. Governor Rudy Perpich asked farmers to abide by the latest ruling. Dick Dressel, a square-jawed LeSeur farmer clad in dungarees and boots, said, "If they try to ram this through, then Perpich can go to bed with blood on his hands." Verlin Marth responded that there won't be another Kent State in rural Minnesota.

"Just get the numbers behind you," someone at the front of the room called out to Dressel. "We also got shotguns," he shouted back.

—Phillip Weiss

Mind & Body

And the Viet Cong POWs had very high cholesterol

American newspapers used to sneer about Ho Chi Mihn and his "ascetic" diet of rice and vegetables during the days of the Vietnam War, but it appears that Uncle Ho may be having the last laugh again.

A recent study conducted by the Navy's Center for Prisoner of War Studies in San Diego found that Navy pilots who spent time in North Vietnamese prison camps are now actually *healthier* than their counterparts who spent the same amount of time eating Navy rations.

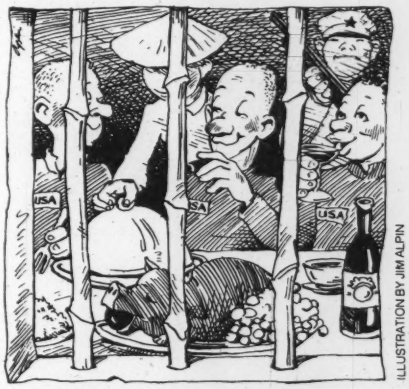


ILLUSTRATION BY JIM ALPIN

POWs: Uncle Ho's no-junk diet

John A Plag, director of the Center, reported this month that researchers studying 78 POWs and 78 non-prisoners found "pronounced" differences in physical well-being, with the POWs coming off better in every aspect.

Admitting the findings "contrary to expectations," Plag said the differences were probably attributable to the POW diet, which was "undoubtedly lower in cholesterol and fat than the average American diet." He noted that "Many POWs fell to their ideal weight and remained at that level."

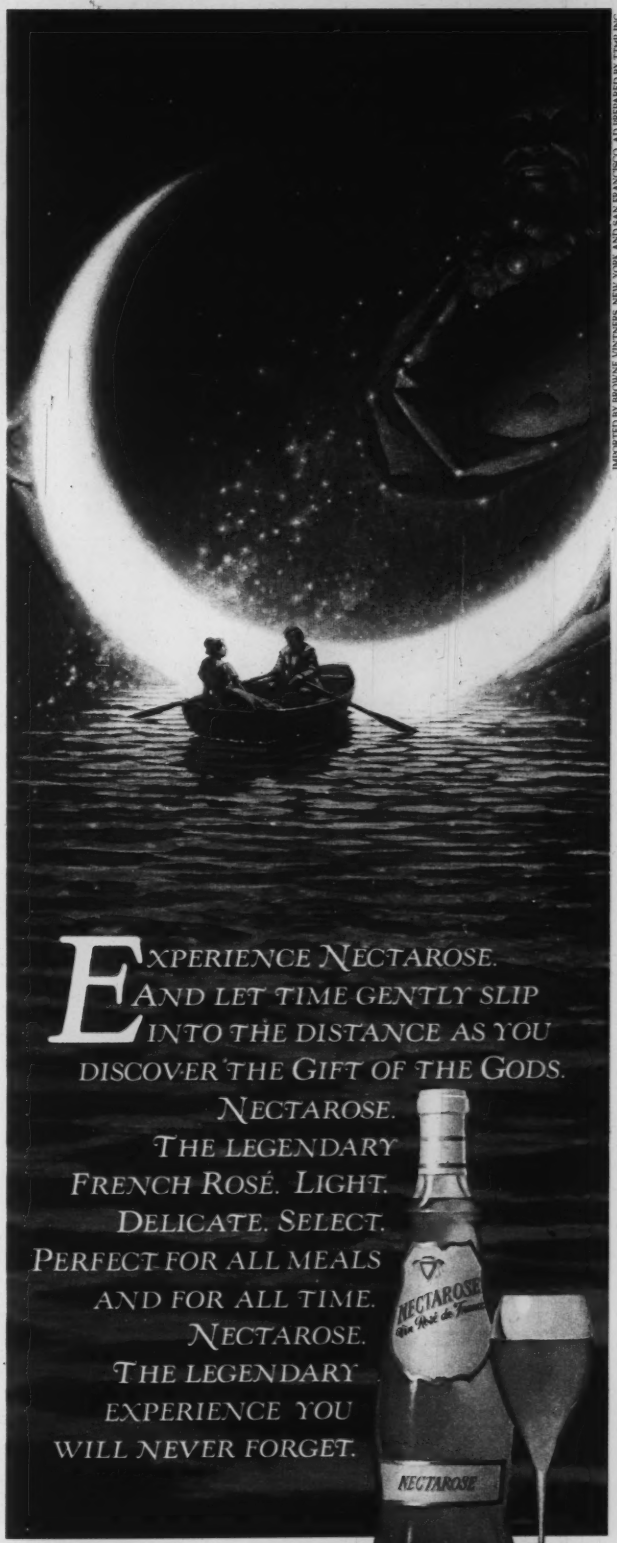
The study also listed poor access to alcohol and cigarettes, plus the daily regimen of exercises most POWs followed, as rationale for the prisoners' fitness.

"Our findings would strongly suggest that men preceive the stress of captivity in diverse ways, and that the long-term effects may be more positive than negative," said Plag. It probably also helps if you're not captured by an army that forces you to eat rations of sausage, eggs, butter, potato chips, and twinkies. *—Bill Tucker*

What's this stuff cut with, anyway?

Cocaine smugglers are getting too ingenious for their own good. Their latest trick is to swallow cocaine-stuffed condoms and then recover them later in their feces. It works, but there's just one catch: a prophylactic might rupture on its hazardous journey through the gastrointestinal track. The result is even less pleasant than an unwanted pregnancy: a potentially lethal cocaine overdose.

The gimmick came to light when doctors autopsied two young South Americans found dead in their Miami hotel rooms shortly after arriving by plane from Colombia. One victim had swallowed 53 coke condoms, one of which had burst. The other man had downed 75, eight of which broke open in various areas throughout his body. *—Larry Frederick*



Media

If Studs Lonigan married Rod McKuen, they'd have Sly Stallone

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB NOBLE/GLOBE PHOTOS

Stallone: Sterling Hayden he's not

Sly Stallone has written a novel. G. P. Putnam will bring out his *Paradise Alley* in mid-November with a big Berkley paperback to follow next summer. The book will then become (surprised?) a movie, which Stallone will produce, direct, star in and probably launder the costumes for. The story sounds like recycled John Garfield. The Carboni brothers—Victor, Cosmo(!) and Lenny are sort of a cross between the Brothers Karamazov and Warner. Victor, who drives an ice truck, becomes a prizefighter at a local club called Paradise Alley. Cosmo, a two-bit street hustler, trains him. Lenny, an undertaker who returned from the war with a permanent limp, manages him. Stallone will play the undertaker.

Every stereotype in the book is in the book: the heartless, gutless thug (Nickels Mahon); the big, bad black fighter who's really a nice guy deep down (Big Glory); the ten-cents-a-dancer who wants "show business and bright lights" (Kathy McMahon).

Stallone has a rotten little habit of occasionally breaking a sentence into three or four lines:

He had seen these scenes
Lots of times before, but it
Had never bothered him before.
Today it bothered him.

Berkley editor-in-chief Page Cuddy defends the prose style by pointing out that Stallone conceived it cinematically. "It almost has a free verse quality to it. His is an eccentric voice. No one else could have written it that way."

And even if someone could, Stallone would be the first to admit, probably no one else could have gotten it published. But now with *Rocky* to his credit, he boasts, "They'd publish my parking tickets." —*Jerry Lazar*

Bruce and Chrystie: The broad jump was great, but oh, that pole vault!

Chrystie has written a book—187 pages on what it's like to live with Bruce. When we saw the cover, we thought it was dirty, but it turned out that Chrystie . . .

"I didn't really know what was bothering me so much. I just know that I was down and depressed. I even felt pressure about getting into bed with Bruce—because it was expected of me. I hadn't felt that way before, just living with him. . . to determine if we were sexually compatible. . . . As soon as we got married, though, his sex drive increased. We talked about it, and his explanation was, 'Well, you're my wife now.' That to him was a very sexy thing—much sexier than just living together . . ."

. . . was Chrystie Jenner. She and Bruce (the big hunk) apparently had their own decathlon. (Les Femmes Publishing, Millbrae, California)

BOOK COVER PHOTO BY PAMELA BARKENTIN

UPI

Nolan: Loaded letter

Pepino votes sí, Little Luke votes yes and Grandpappy Amos abstains

The bitterest Screen Actors Guild union election in recent memory is heating up out in Hollywood. Kathleen Nolan, union president and the former Kate on the *Real McCoys* series, is under intense criticism for her handling of the union during her two-year reign.

The assault against Nolan, the guild's highly visible leader, centers around her alleged improper use of $20,000 in union funds for travel and other personal expenses. A group on the SAG Board of Directors, led by Victor Jory and Frank Maxwell, have delivered the board's official backing to Burt Freed, now the union's VP.

The ballots are being counted through this month. Freed is seeking to expose Nolan as someone who is using her office to prop up her career—which has been pretty lackluster since they wiped the McCoys off the tube. One particularly damaging item in the possession of the Freed forces is a letter, supposedly written by Nolan to ABC president Frank Pierce, that concerned union business on union stationery, and closed with a pitch for a job.

Meanwhile, Nolan is running around the country complaining to anyone who will listen about "a chauvinist plot" on the SAG board, and seeking star backing in a feminist crusade. Already, actress Shirley MacLaine, collared by Nolan in New York, is said to be mobilizing her well-known clout.

But the Freed forces are also getting stars to their side. Actors Karl Malden and Carroll O'Connor are helping to pay for advertising. Nobody's yet asked Richard Crenna how he'll vote. —*Joel Kotkin*

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But we also have our lighter side. Our features have included profiles of Gilda Radner, America's Cup winner Ted Turner, and R2D2. And next year promises more of the same.

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NewTimes

THE PERFECT GIFT

THE GOLDEN DRAGON LABOR DAY MASSACRE

They shoot tourists, don't they?

By Bill Cardoso

Blood was all over the place. Literally. All day men scrubbed the stains. They did nice work. By late afternoon the only tell-tales were many bullet holes and some shredded leatherette upholstery. Anyone happening by for the first time would not realize that the worst mass murder in San Francisco's violent history had occurred therein only hours earlier.

And so the Golden Dragon restaurant opened its doors for business as usual.

Business as usual.

The streets of Chinatown, San Francisco must be made safe . . . not so much for those who dwell there as for Mr. and Mrs. Truly Nebraska. See them over yonder—he with the white plastic belt and white buckled loafers? And she, a little too old and wide for her orange polyester pantsuit, yet still agile enough to click an Instamatic. Let us eavesdrop: "Oh," she is exclaiming to the little almond-eyed urchin, "you're so cute! I wish I could take you home!"

Meanwhile, Truly Nebraska has just spotted a nice plastic pagoda atop a bank on Grant Avenue and wants wifey to snap a picture. "No, not that bank, dear! The one next to it!" *Click*. And they are off again, this time into a curio shop where they lay out $10 for a pair of T-shirts bearing the legend "Chinatown-San Francisco" and depicting a red-tile roof pagoda, souvenirs for their twins, Jumbo and Melissa, back home in Honker's Corners.

Tourism is San Francisco's biggest industry. It is San Francisco's *only* remaining major industry, and Chinatown is its main attraction.

In 1976, according to the Visitors and Convention Bureau, 2.9 million people visited the city. This figure represents only people who stayed at intown hotels. It does not include people who stayed at airport hotels or Oakland hotels or with friends. Last year's official 2.9 million visitors left a known minimum of $661 million behind. The local tourism dollar is increasing at the rate of $100 million yearly and soon will surpass $1 billion. Quiz: When the California St. cable car crosses the Powell line, the conductor hollers "Powell Street, transfer for Chinatown." How many people make the switch? To say 2.9 million would not be wrong, merely conservative.

So, business as usual. Sweep it under, wash it away: None of this is new.

Directly across the street from the Golden Dragon, Little Pete Fong, the King of Chinatown, was assassinated in a barber's chair. Frank Norris wrote about the funeral. That was 1897. Half a block away, up at the corner of Waverly Place, known then as the Street of Slaves, hitmen dressed all in black cleaved each other with hatchets in the first pitched battle of the warring tongs—rival gangs of toughs vying for the right to work as enforcers for the various Chinese gambling, dope and prostitution operations already flourishing. That was 102 years ago. In the old days there were many warring tongs; today there are at least two, the Hop Sings and the Suey Sings. The newspapers ran headlines that read like baseball line scores: Hop Sings 3, Suey Sings 2.

The tongs are still around, but their hitman activities have been augmented and/or replaced by younger groups, teenage hitmen—some as young as 11 or 12, say the police—because, if caught, they'll get lighter sentences. Guns fall out of their pockets, sometimes in junior high classrooms. These teenage hitmen have in turn divided into two main groups—the Wah Ching, allied with the Hop Sing boys in old Chinatown, and the Joe Boys, weird independents who hustle and extort in the Richmond, the "new" Chinatown, to the west.

Scene from a true nightmare, 2:40 a.m., September 4, 1977, Labor Day weekend: Three masked gunmen enter the Golden Dragon, 816-22 Washington Street, and take up positions. They carry a shotgun, a .38 caliber pistol and a .45 caliber semiautomatic rifle—known in the military as a "grease gun." They appear to be young Chinese. Forty or so people are eating late supper. They include gangsters, tourists, locals, an off-duty cop, and an on-duty cop. The young Chinese open fire. Time and again they spray the diners, relentless in their wickedness. The one with the shotgun calmly climbs three stairs and lets go a blast at those in the mezzanine, then returns to the main room for a parting blast. Elapsed time: one minute. Body count: five innocents slaughtered, eleven more wounded, two critically. Not a hoodlum scratched.

Police attributed the massacre to the Joe Boys because the Golden Dragon is a Wah Ching hangout. (The Joe Boys and Wah Ching are always shooting each other up, usually for territorial encroachment purposes, sometimes for the sheer hell of it.)

This time, however, the causes are murkier: Was this teen turf warfare? Renewed tong warfare? Personal revenge? Or the inevitable result of a complex system of overlapping business and criminal corruption that binds Chinatown's major businessmen—family associations (people of the same last name), district associations (aka the Six Companies) and tongs (some legitimate fraternal/business organizations, some

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paramilitary "enforcement" groups)—to the San Francisco establishment?

In any case, about a dozen Wah Ching and allied Hop Sing Boys were seated at three tables when the shooting started. Among them, police identified Michael Louie, a current Wah Ching boss, and Frankie Yee, described as the leader of the Hop Sing Boys. None was hit because someone in their group yelled "man with a rifle!" in Cantonese and they hit the deck. Everybody else became part of the menu: Sitting Duck à la Fromage Suisse.

For Louie, 20, it was at least his second close call. He was one of four wounded on September 25, 1976, at the Jade Palace restaurant by a Joe Boy who is now serving a two-year Youth Authority sentence for that crime. Louie himself is on probation after doing juvenile time with a half-dozen other Wah Ching for the kidnap and torture murder in 1974 of a 15-year-old Joe Boy named Lincoln Louie (no relation).

Youth gangs like the Joe Boys and Wah Ching were always accorded a certain respectability in Chinatown because they are recruited by gambling bosses to provide muscle. "To enforce whatever needs enforcing," in the words of a veteran Chinatown cop, "whether it's a gambling debt or an insult that has to be avenged." The younger gang kids are hired as "look-sees" by the gambling operators at $4 or $5 an hour. This makes it all the easier for the youth gangs themselves to recruit. The look-see system is ancient and simple: kid sits in doorway of gambling house where dice, poker, fan tan and mah jongg games are trimming the Chinese marks, infamous for their rabidness, of their measly earnings; kid is reading comic book, observed by inside man who peeps through a look-see window in the door. If cops or robbers are coming, kid tips inside man by closing comic book. Presto—the joint converts into some kind of Moose Lodge.

The streets of Chinatown must be made safe...not so much for those who live there as for Mr. and Mrs. Truly Nebraska: "Oh," Mrs. Truly Nebraska exclaims to the little almond-eyed urchin, "I'd like to take you home with me..."

The only problem with the system is that some young kids demanded a bigger share of the action once they realized how much money was changing hands. A large betting establishment could easily handle from $20,000 to $50,000 a night.

Enter Joe Fong, the Joey Gallo of oriental organized crime.

The Golden Dragon massacre was the third known encounter this year—a quiet year—between the rival gangs.

On the Fourth of July, three Joe Boys were trapped in Chinatown. A 17-year-old was shot to death and both his companions were wounded, but so was a Wah Ching.

A month earlier, Kin Chuen Louie, 20, identified by police as a leader of the Hop Sing Boys, was shot eight times in the face and neck by a Joe Boy and died as he sat in his car on Telegraph Hill. One of the first to pass the scene was the esteemed literary figure Michael McClure, who thought the corpse not grotesque, but strangely beautiful in its angle of repose, with the eight punctures clean and all in a line . . . he went home and wrote a poem about it.

McClure, in his poetic way, registered more concern than San Franciscans usually do. The proceedings of the San Francisco County Grand Jury on December 16, 1976, illustrate the common attitude. What follows is dialogue between an assistant district attorney and witness Paul (Fat Paul) Wong, an admitted Wah Ching, who testified in a murder case under immunity. At the end, the grand jury foreman is briefly heard. Here is the conversation:

"And Kenneth told you he thought he shot Edward? *Uh-huh*. Did he tell you at a later time that he thought Edward was a member of the Joe Fong gang? *Yeah*. And the Joe Fong gang and the Wah Ching don't get along, do they? *No*. How long have they been fighting each other? *About five, six years, really*. Are you familiar that there have been a number of men killed in that fight, correct? *Yes*. Did you know Anton Wong? *Yeah*. He was killed, was he not? *Yeah*. Do you know who killed him? *Well, I heard he's Joe Fong's brother*. Chung Wai? *Yeah*. I have no further questions." Whereupon, the foreman says, "I think we better break for lunch now." Not a follow-up question, mind you, from the foreman or any other grand juror . . . just a tummy growl.

Forty-five persons have died in Chinatown warfare during the last eight years, according to police statistics. Yet justice would rather be out to lunch.

The very traceable history of Chinatown warfare leads to an implication every bit as nightmarish as the Golden Dragon massacre itself: that the gangs are controlled and directed by some of the Chinese community's most respected and influential leaders.

Suddenly, everything is at stake: careers are on the line, lives are on the line, the whole economy of Everybody's Favorite City is on the line. Everyone is pointing the finger at everyone else. The police chief blames it on racketeers and cannon-fodder kids. The Chinatown establishment blames it on young punks from Hong Kong and clown cops. The teeny torpedoes blame corrupt elders in

WIDE WORLD

The gang that couldn't shoot straight: At 2:40 a.m., Labor Day, three masked men, believed to be members of the Joe Boys, killed 5 persons and wounded 15 in the Golden Dragon restaurant. None of the victims were Wah Ching or Hop Sing enemies

cahoots with crooked cops. And the mayor goes on television wearing the look of a man with a bad pain in his stomach.

In the massacre aftermath, Mayor George Moscone announced that all flags on city buildings would fly at half-staff until the dead were buried. He also announced a $25,000 reward for information leading to conviction. But he was swiftly overtaken by events. The next two Saturday nights were filled with guns and death. Vengeance dealt from ambush claimed a Joe Boy. The next weekend a high-roller was slain with his own .357 magnum when he resisted during the holdup of a $500-a-game mah jongg parlor, the apparent message from the independent Joe Boys to Chinatown being that "protection" could no longer be guaranteed by the old Hop Sing Boys or Wah Ching.

After the retaliatory ambush, Moscone added $10,000 more to the reward. In the wake of the gambling den heist, the mayor offered an unprecedented $100,000. One Hundred Big Ones! City Hall was taking on the trappings of a TV quiz show.

While this was unfolding, Police Chief Charles Gain was hit with accusations of "checkbook" detective work. But Gain would be nobody's fall-guy. Instead, he named a 21-man task force to get to the bottom of the killings, and picked Lt. Dan Murphy, chief of homicide, to head the special squad. And while Moscone was throwing six-figure sums around, Chief Gain decided to throw Chinatown a curve.

"This is a very complex thing that involves adults without question, and involves businessmen who are profiting by the activities of the gangs," Gain let it be known. "And the gangs, in my judgment . . . are no more than pawns. And they are being used. Now, what we have to do — and we are going to do it to the extent that we possibly can — is to identify who the leaders are, and who in fact is benefiting by way of the big money that is being acquired in Chinatown."

The big money, Gain acknowledged, derives from gambling. "It is blatant, historic, and rampant," the chief declared. It is a multi-million-dollar annual business his police are unable to control, he confessed.

But asking Chinese about gambling in Chinatown is like asking Teamsters about their pension fund, admitted J.K. Choy, the 85-year-old president of the Greater Chinatown Community Service Association, and a retired vice-president of San Francisco Federal Savings and Loan Association: "If you're going to untangle the gambling . . . it's not that simple." One of the few truly re-

Bill Cardoso is a lapsed Catholic, an ex-sportswriter and an adopted San Franciscan.

King Fong: Joe Fong, leader of the rebel Joe Boys, who've cut loose from the Wah Ching and Hop Sing Boys, youth "enforcers" for San Francisco Chinese gambling czars

Joe Fong was eight when he arrived in San Francisco from the slums of Macao in 1963, one of ten children of Jack and Sui Mui Fong. Three years later he was found guilty of burglary. Statistically, he was part of an alarming trend in juvenile delinquency, which rose 600 percent in Chinatown between 1964 and 1969. Mostly, the bad actors were immigrants like Joe Fong, youngsters who found difficulty in adjusting to their new world. The first time he was called upon to read in class, he was laughed at. "The ABCs [American-born Chinese] called us FOBs—Fresh Off the Boat—or China Bugs. Even the American-born Chinese referred to us as 'Chinese'—as though they were not." To be Chinese with an accent, Joe Fong was made to feel, was degrading to other Chinese.

At the time, the baddest gang in Chinatown was the Raiders, who took their name from the football team. It was composed of American-born oriental kids who made life hot for the newcomers. The American-born oriental was becoming absorbed in the mainstream culture and tended to abandon his ethnicity, in the classic immigrant manner.

Eventually, the foreign-born kids banded together in self-defense. By 1965, they had a name: Wah Ching (Chinese youth). There were a series of rumbles, but soon the battle was won; a period of relaxation was ushered in. During this time, there was no further split between FOBs and ABCs. By 1968, the original Wah Ching had dissolved, but since it *was* 1968, and a lot of oriental kids were going to college, left-oriented street gangs on the order of crude SDS units began to replace the Wah Ching. Naturally, the hard-core street kids who weren't going to college weren't interested in the programs being espoused by the political radicals. Like all street kids, they wanted to get down with some money. That's how Joe Fong felt.

The first Chinese-American leftist group was called Le Way (Legitimate Way), but a year later, in 1969, it split in two, forming the Red Guard; these kids were mostly Berkeley-educated American-born radicals. Meanwhile, the street toughs were coming under the influence of two tongs, the Hop Sing and the Suey Sing, ancient rivals. (During the long years of the Chinese Exclusion Acts (1882–1943) when Chinese were forbidden entrance to the U.S., the tongs had been losing their potency. But when President Kennedy relaxed the barriers in 1962, a regenerative supply of new tong members became available. Naturally, many of the new arrivals felt decidedly more comfortable with the old ways. Also, there were practical considerations. Joining a tong meant having a place to sleep and money or credit for meals. The money came from gambling and protection-racket profits.)

The Red Guard was viewed as a threat by the Chinatown elders, who

freshing comments in a month that began in tragedy and ended in throat-clearing and obfuscation.

In an earlier, angrier statement regarded as being without precedent for a San Francisco police chief, Gain deplored what he termed "a subculture of fear" in the Chinese community. "Chinese people simply will not talk to police," he flatly insisted. Going one step beyond, Gain condemned Chinatown leaders for an "absolute abdication of responsibility."

He soon learned that he might have been asking about some Teamsters' pension fund or something. Superior Court Judge Harry Low immediately disputed Gain's charge of "abdication" and reminded the chief that the responsibility is a dual one. Postmaster Lim P. Lee acidly suggested that Gain "could do a better job if he would spend less time giving press conferences on television." County Supervisor Gordon Lau, a recent Moscone appointee who stands for election in November, called for more Cantonese-speaking cops, and noted that there are only 13 Cantonese or Mandarin-speaking cops on a force of 1,688. Chinatown bigwigs called the chief a "racist" and claimed he was making self-serving statements to cover police incompetence. And Quentin Kopp, president of the board of supervisors, a non-Chinese, demanded an apology from Gain, who refused. No apology is due and none is planned, the chief said. Tom Kotoske, head of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force in San Francisco agreed: "He's absolutely right. You can quote me."

The furor mounted. A delegation of 30 Chinatown leaders headed by Judge Low and Supervisor Lau demanded a meeting with Gain. Before they met with the chief, however, they released to the press a three-page statement branding as "unforgivable" Gain's "racial slurs." Gain, in turn, branded the statement "a bunch of junk."

The meeting was rancorous. One participant said: "The chief was rude. First, he tried to snow us. Then he talked tough. I think he finally realized that we were unified, and that we were not going to pick up and go away. But even that did not appear to chasten him."

Gain was incensed during the meeting, an aide explained, because a major push against extortion of Chinatown merchants earlier this year failed due to a lack of response from Chinatown's leaders, after initial agreement. "When it got right down to it, the leaders never came back."

As the rhetoric increased, the central facts became obscured: people were being killed because a war over a wide-open gambling racket is out of control; and because of this, the Chinatown economy is being devastated.

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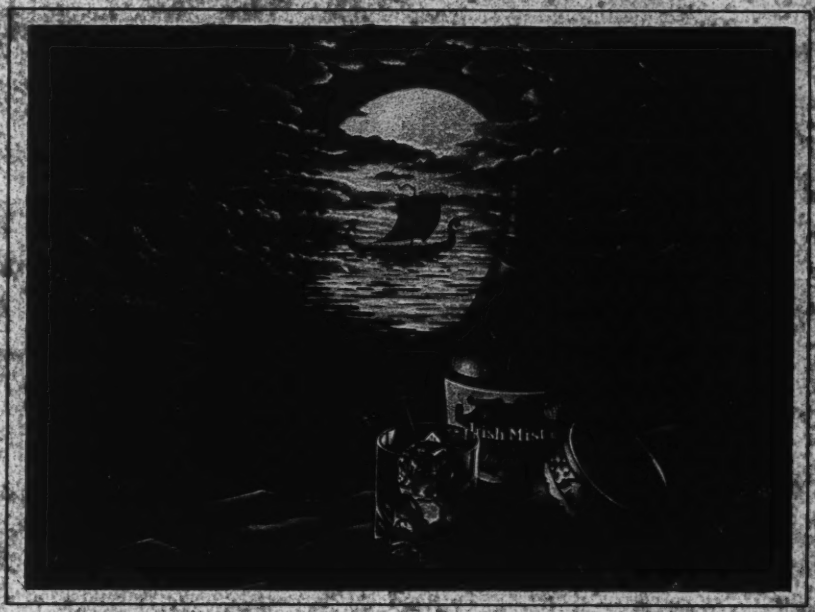

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CLAZY JOEY Cont.

had steadfastly maintained close personal and business ties with Taiwan. The elders used the fresh Chinese arrivals to break up Red Guard rallies and bust heads. They paid $5 to $10 a beating. At this price, the street kids made short work of the Commies. But those battles were as nothing compared with the war that raged between the youth of the two rival tongs. The Hop Sing had had a slight edge over the Suey Sing in power, and now revived the old Wah Ching label as an attention-getter; they use it as a front name to this day. The new "Wah Ching" was greatly strengthened when it absorbed a street gang led by Joe Fong, who was then all of 15. The Suey Sing, meanwhile, used unaffiliated street kids from wherever they could find them. They had no special name, except Suey Sing tong kids, but they fought often and savagely.

The Dienbienphu of the Hop Sing/Suey Sing kid war came in March 1970. Glen Fong, 19, Joe's brother, was cut down by bursts from a .30 caliber automatic carbine. His Wah Ching caught up with a fellow named Tom Tom, the Suey Sing youth gang leader, as he was spooning a bowl of rice soup in a Chinatown restaurant. He was beaten badly and hospitalized. A bedside visitor had little trouble negotiating peace. In return for his life, Tom Tom and his boys would move across the bay to Oakland.

Joe Fong, however, still angry, and developing as a leader, continued raiding the enemy. In the spring of 1971, he drew a six-month sentence at Log Cabin Reformatory for his part in continuing the forays across the Bay Bridge to whack out the Suey Sing kids. By then he was a charismatic stand-out; he'd yanked his boys away from the Hop Sing's Wah Ching and formed his own group, the Yau Lay (Good Fortune). When Fong entered the reformatory he had a handshake agreement with the Hop Sing and Wah Ching boys that his new group would remain independent, but when he got out, he found that the Yau Lay had fallen under the domination of the Wah Ching again. Joe didn't like that. A showdown came on October 1.

Fong and his chief lieutenant, Raymond Leung, 19, announced they were pulling out of Yau Lay and taking their trusted boys along. Leung was shot to death the next day.

Joe Fong and friends regrouped in the Richmond district, where there were plenty of Oriental businesses to extort and plenty of cars to steal. On the next Chinese New Year they formed Chung Ching Yee (a name derived from the Water Margin Heroes, a band of Robin Hoods in Chinese classical literature).

But 1972 was to be a very bad year for Fong. He'd organized the most serious threat to Chinatown's status quo since the last tong wars of the 1920s. He had shaken the hierarchy from top to bottom, in effect telling the old men to get the hell out of his way, as Joey Gallo had done in New York. And like Joey Gallo, he would be made to pay for it.

A series of complicated troubles befell him. He was arrested for aggravated assault in February, shortly after organizing his new gang, but never prosecuted. In March, he was arrested for the murder of Harry Kwan at the Chinatown Police Athletic League. Despite six prosecution witnesses who said he was on the murder scene, he was acquitted in Juvenile Court. Luckily, he was able to prove he was visiting a college with a friend at the time Kwan was killed. That spring he was accused in the murder of Harry (the Professor) Ng, 60, the martial arts mentor of the Wah Ching/Hop Sing youth. However, Joe Fong was in jail on the Kwan murder charge when the Professor opened the door of his Kung Fu studio to receive five bullets. (Police later pinned the Ng murder on a 14-year-old.)

Fong again was the prime suspect when Barry Fong-Torres, 29, the brother of *Rolling Stone* music editor Ben Fong-Torres, was shot three times in the head, once in the abdomen and once in the chest, in the doorway of his home. Fong-Torres, on leave from his job as a probation officer, was executive director of the Chinatown Youth Services and Coordinating Center. A manila envelope with his name and address on it was found under his body. Inside, was the message: "Pig Informers Die Yong" (sic).

In September, Fong was rebuffed when he sought a meeting with then-Mayor Joseph Alioto. Fong reportedly offered to name names in Chinese-American criminal activity in the city. That same night his gang's headquarters were raided and Fong and nine others arrested on kidnapping charges that were later dropped. However, two weeks later, on October 2, he was arrested on a murder conspiracy charge that stuck.

At his trial, the prosecution called Joe Fong "Al Capone," picturing him as the "most dangerous criminal" in Chinatown. He was sentenced to life in prison on February 4, 1973; he spent his eighteenth birthday inside Duell Vocational Institute, where he is presently confined.

There remain serious questions as to the guilt of Joe Fong in the murder conspiracy case, which stemmed from a bloody midnight encounter between members of his gang and a carload of Wah Ching. There is evidence that places Fong miles away from the shooting. Three friends took lie detector tests to back up this claim. Polygraph expert George Harman concluded that the trio "told the truth as to the questions put to them." The District Attorney's office, however, has declined to re-open the case, citing the testimony of seven prosecution eyewitnesses, several of whom were Wah Ching members, as proof of Joe Fong's guilt.

Since Joe Fong's conviction, his group's power has grown, and it has changed its name from Chung Ching Yee to Joe Boys. Some never have met their maximum leader. They were too young when he went to jail.

The Joe Boys are now allied with the Cookies in the never-ending battle against the Wah Ching-Hop Sing Boys. The Cookies are about 50 percent Japanese, with the remainder being Korean and Chinese. Until the recent heat, the Joe Boys frequented pool halls and other haunts of the Cookies in Japantown, about three miles west of Chinatown. Mostly, though, the Joe Boys operate out of the "new" Chinatown, the Richmond and Sunset districts that border Golden Gate Park on the city's western edge, known familiarly as "the Avenues," desolate, almost treeless suburban neighborhoods built over sand dunes, mostly after World War II.

If the Joe Boys venture into Chinatown, the Wah Ching and Hop Sing Boys shoot on sight. So when the Joe Boys come, it's usually to shoot first. "The Wah Ching more or less unofficially control Chinatown," a cop on the beat there contends. "Fear is power." Fully half of Chinatown shopkeepers, he estimates, pay some form of protection to the Wah Ching or Hop Sing, directly.

Police intelligence claims it is difficult to determine the total number of gang members on both sides because of "the constant flow in-and-out, with some non-members claiming to be members, and with members claiming they are not." Sources closer to the gangs, however, say hard-core members of all four groups—Hop Sing/Wah Ching vs. Joe Boys/the Cookies—probably number no more than 200.

The two main sides are in fact loosely-knit groups of autonomous cells. Each cell operates the way it wishes and can initiate whatever activities it desires. These cells operate in areas within the larger geography controlled by the gang. The youngest gang members are about 13, though some have been younger. The average age is about 18 or 19.

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Wong Yin Doon, 85, known as the Godfather

tourists wanted names of Chinese restaurants outside Chinatown. Restaurateur Al Chan noted that business was the worst it's been in 26 years. Meat and vegetable suppliers suffered. The Gary Kjar street jazz quartet's take was down. The night watchman at the Portsmouth Square underground garage said they'd normally have 200 cars parked at 1 a.m., but "now at 10 p.m. we have 50." The operator of J.J. Walking Tours said business was down 100 percent and that worried customers had written him from New Jersey, Ohio, even Taipei. The Golden Dragon itself, almost without customers, was closing at 11 p.m.

On a recent night, miles away from Chinatown, a Joe Boy flattened himself against the wall of a hallway as I turned a key in a lock and opened the door to a borrowed apartment. The Joe Boy's reaction had been automatic. A relaxed guard could be fatal. His friend, Mark Chan, 18, had been ambushed fewer than 48 hours earlier in revenge for the Golden Dragon slayings. The Joe Boy refused a beer and remained taut. Mark Chan, he said, had been "sloppy."

I informed him that business in Chinatown was way off, that walking the streets these nights was like walking through some back lot in Culver City, eerie and forlorn.

His eyes brightened, took on a gleam. "Yeah," he smiled. "The tongs messed up. The people in the shops are gonna wake up that they're paying off to the tongs, and the tongs can't protect them. We're getting tired of being pushed around [by the tongs]. The shopkeepers are gonna figure, 'We might as well pay the kids instead of the tongs.' "

The group—he always seemed to call the Joe Boys "the group"—doesn't see each other all the time. Just two or three guys are operating in a unit. No one else knows. They have no interest in bothering with anybody from the outside, as long as they are not bothered. They decided years ago "to hell with Chinatown" and the old ways and went out to The Avenues (the Richmond). There are plenty of Chinese merchants to extort, cars to steal for re-sale, homes and stores to burgle, grass to sell.

The Joe Boy is 19 now, and was born in San Francisco and raised in a neighborhood other than Chinatown. He has been a gang member since he was 13—"We give the little kids .25 caliber revolvers to start out." He hasn't regularly set foot in Chinatown in four-and-a-half years, but no matter: "We're all over the place. Seattle, Canada, New York. We *make* it that way." If somebody is out to kill "the group," they'll move farther. But they'll still come back.

"Everybody gives a different story by design, to make confusion." And because of this, "the cops are running around crazy." Somewhere, there was a hint that the Golden Dragon gunmen were safely tucked in Canada. No one helped the Joe Boys—not the city, not the mayor, not the tongs. Now, it's too late. "Why is Joe still in? Nobody got killed! They want him in because they know how big he is.

"We killed all their leaders [Wah Ching's]. The youth of Chinatown know this. They know that we are the strength. The Wah Ching have no leaders left." The Wah Ching "were going to start messing around" with the Joe Boys again, so they headed them off.

"Most of our people go to college. The Wah Ching drop out of high school. At City College, and State, I see maybe one Wah Ching or Hop Sing out of a hundred."

It was very late and he wanted to go. He predicted in parting that more, much more, would come down. I reassured him that his anonymity would be guaranteed. I said: "I think I never even saw you."

"You don't *think*," the Joe Boy corrected, "you *know*!"

In the following days, the Chinatown economy did not rebound. A poll taken during a special meeting of the Chinatown Chamber of Commerce confirmed that all kinds of businessmen were hard hit, disclosed Dr. Dennis Wong, chamber president. One idea discussed was to have Mayor Moscone "walk through Chinatown late at night" to calm public fears, like Alioto did three years ago in the Tenderloin during the notorious Zebra Murders. Moscone de-

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD WEIGAND

Albert Yin Wong, gambler, businessman

clined, but other politicians jumped at the gimmick.

So, two nights later, two leaders of local government arrived separately in Chinatown to demonstrate dramatically their concern by walking the streets

"The tongs can't protect the shopkeepers," the Joe Boy said. "They're gonna figure we might as well pay the kids instead of the tongs." His eyes glittered

without notifying the police beforehand—just the media. Soon, reporters were tripping over wires and cables as they schlepped along with the politicians.

Inside the Golden Dragon, County Supervisor Diane Feinstein and her husband were dining with Judge Low, Dr. Wong and other potentates. Otherwise, business remained slow there. Later, she made the short stroll to Grant Avenue, reporters and a slowly growing collection of the curious in her wake. At Grant, fellow Supervisor Quentin Kopp was shaking hands all around. Someone stuck a microphone in his face. He sounded like Walter Matthau:

"I'm happy to see people like Judge Low, particularly," he began, "and Lim P. Lee, our great Postmaster, and Dr. Dennis Wong . . . Is Jack Wu here? . . . The word I receive is that people seem to have been turned off on San Francisco, and . . . they shouldn't be. So, let's let the whole world know that Chinatown is alive and well."

The next evening, esteemed literary figure Alex Haley arrived for dinner at the Imperial Palace with an actress from his *Roots* series. The next night, Mayor Moscone and his family dined there, causing owner Tommy Toy to beam: "When celebrities like Mr. Haley and the mayor come in, we have turned the corner." Right around the corner, three hours later, a mah jongg parlor was heisted and the seventh victim in 14 days was claimed.

One day during this period, cymbals could be heard rhythmically clanging from behind the locked doors of the downstairs dining room of the Golden Dragon. It was a Buddhist ceremony for the soul of Fong Wong, who had met an accidental death.

Fong Wong's accident was that he got in the way of the grease gun during the massacre. He was 48, a waiter. He came to the United States in 1969 and last year was finally able to send for his family in Hong Kong. He lived with his wife, who works as a baker in a fortune cookie factory, and their six children in a two-bedroom flat over a Chinese noodle factory in North Beach.

The family of Fong Wong is statistically typical of thousands who have flocked to Chinatown since Kennedy reopened the gates. No one knows for sure how many people live in Chinatown, not even the census taker. But the latest federal guess is that some 80,000 Chinese live in San Francisco (pop. 665,000). It is known, however, that Chinatown is the largest Chinese settlement outside Asia. For Chinese immigrants all over America, it is the closest thing to home. And it is a third-world community of enormous wealth, a concept that is almost a contradiction in terms.

Forty percent of its people reportedly live below the government's official poverty line. Almost 90 percent of the elderly are believed to exist in what welfare workers call extreme poverty, living on $60 a month or less. Half of the Chinese population is said to live in Chinatown's 18-block core. The density of 900 persons per acre is 10 times the city's average and ranks second nationally only to some parts of Manhattan. Seventy percent of the housing is substandard, compared with 19 percent for the city as a whole. Eighty-two percent of the families live in three or fewer rooms, and 60 percent share bathrooms or have none. The TB rate is the highest in the land. The suicide rate is three times the national average. More than half the population is under 21. Half the population is foreign-born, and half speak little or no English.

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The tongs are still around but their hit-man activities have been augmented by younger groups, teenage hit-men, some as young as 11 or 12. Guns fall out of their pockets, sometimes in junior high school classrooms

The 1976 annual report of the Chinese Newcomers Service Center:

All pre-migration men who desired work were gainfully employed but post-migration unemployment for men was 54 percent. On arrival, many women found it necessary to seek work, most as seamstresses. Of the new families, 56 percent lived in one- or two-room households. Among the families visited, 43 percent paid no rent and many more were dependent on their sponsors for accommodation. The percentage of menial workers among the newcomers rose by 28 percent since coming here. And none of the 7 percent employed as professional or technical workers before migration was able to find work in the same field.

On the side streets, along Powell and Stockton and Kearny, along Pacific Avenue, are many of the sweatshops. Around town, in some 300 sewing factories, an estimated 3,000 women produce garments for major American firms on a piecework basis.

They are called "bundle shops" in the rags business. Truckloads of garments, usually inexpensive cottons precut by the manufacturer, are brought in for finishing under subcontract agreements. Seventy percent of the seamstresses reportedly earn less than $3,000 a year. There is no vacation, no overtime pay. There are no medical or health benefits. The ten-hour day, the seven-day week, are not unknown. The Labor Department cannot effectively police the wages because the employers often claim that their women workers are "family" members. The employees are too fearful to complain. An ever-present supply of fresh workers, some of them illegal aliens, is available.

This is the Chinatown of Fong Wong and his family, the Chinatown beyond the neon and gold leaf trim, beyond the stone lions and tile dragons, the silk and incense, teak and porcelain, quail eggs and shark fins, birds' nests and bean curds, bamboo shoots and bamboo back-scratchers. This is the Chinatown the Chinatown establishment chooses to ignore.

As much as the Chinese have been victimized by the larger society historically, they have been equally at the mercy of their own: the Uncle Tongs, as the young have nicknamed the Chinatown establishment, the men who run the banks, the restaurants, the sweatshops, the gambling, the dope traffic, the prostitution.

Power in Chinatown is concentrated among an interlock of family associations, district associations and tongs. Family associations are clans built around a patriarch or common ancestor of the same surname. The two largest clans in America are Lee and Wong.

Since more than 90 percent of San

WIDE WORLD

Bad Business: As a result of the shoot-out at the Golden Dragon Restaurant, Chinatown tourism is off seriously: Parking, 50 percent; walking, 100 percent

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Francisco's Chinese came from the sticks surrounding the city of Canton, they also formed district, or "company," associations. Officers of district associations, incidentally, are often elected by votes cast according to family strength.

The six largest district associations combined to form Chung Wai Wui Kwoon, or the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Associations, better known in San Francisco as the Chinese Six Companies. This is the top of the power pyramid. By general agreement, the Six Companies were empowered more than a century ago to speak and act for all California Chinese in affairs that affected the majority. Later, the Six Companies established the Chinese Hospital and Chinese School, where kids are kept two hours at the end of each day to learn the language and literature of their ancestors. In its prime, the Six Companies was the Supreme Court of America's Chinese. Today, they still fancy themselves to be the "official representatives" of America's Chinese. But their slippage is showing: in the street, kids call them the "rice tub."

With the clan and district structure came the tongs, which remained in fact what they always had been in China: semi-secret societies enacting roles respectable people could not openly undertake. In times past, tongs engaged in racketeering, narcotics, murder, prostitution, extortion, gambling and blackmail. No job was too dirty. Today, some tongs still function as a Mafia. And like the Mafia, they have divided things into spheres of influence. The On Leong Tong controls east coast Chinatowns, while the Bing Kong and Hop Sing are the strength in the West. The Bing Kong is the most powerful of San Francisco's five tongs in terms of money. The Hop Sing is the most powerful in terms of muscle. The Suey Sing has the power in Oakland's Chinatown.

About a year ago on Grant Avenue a Chinese woman stopped suddenly to greet an old man. "This is the Godfather," she said. She was smiling but she was not joking. Wong Yin Doon was the special friend of the late Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

One tong, according to federal sources, operates a licensed gambling casino in Las Vegas under hidden ownership. It is extremely difficult to obtain inside information on illegal tong activities, the same federal sources contend.

For decades tongs have fostered the image that they are fraternal orders, nothing more than Elks Clubs for old men. Membership in a tong, of course, is not meant to imply that a person is guilty of illicit activity. And, of course, tong officials routinely deny any illegal activities.

Perhaps as much as half of the real estate in Chinatown's core is owned by family or district associations or tongs. The Golden Dragon premises, for example, are owned by the Hop Sing Tong. The restaurant itself is operated by Jack Lee, west coast president of the Lee Family Association, and Hop Sing Elder.

Down the back streets owned by the powerful, and down the eight-foot alleys, can be heard the sounds of another side of the real Chinatown, the sounds of clinking mah jongg tiles and gambling chips rising from a dozen or more basements. Any night of the week. This is the Chinatown of another man named Wong, whose life has been far different than that of his clansman, the dead waiter, Fong Wong.

Not too long ago, Albert Yin Wong, a friend of mayors and congressmen, a former president of the Chinese Six Companies, and a power in both the Hop Sing tong and the Wong Family Association, used to give little red money envelopes, *hung bao*, every 10 days to San Francisco cops Gurnie Cook and

Gus Koniaris. Inside each envelope were two neatly folded hundred dollar bills. Albert Wong didn't know it, but the envelopes and their contents were going straight to the FBI. Nor did Wong know that his conversations with the two cops were being recorded.

Kid sits in doorway of gambling house where mah jongg hustlers trim the Chinese marks; kid is reading comic book, observed by an inside man who peeps through a look-see window; if cops or robbers are coming, kid tips him off by closing comic book

In February, 1973, Cook and Koniaris raided Wong's gambling den at 41 Ross Alley, arrested 26 persons, and seized $7,300. When that happened, Wong invited the cops into the kitchen for a chat, and offered them $20 a day each to allow him to operate. Once a month, he suggested, he would leave the doors of his barricaded casino open so they could make a perfunctory arrest.

All told, Wong gave Cook and Koniaris $8,100—including $500 to drop the case resulting from the February raid. The 38 little red envelopes stuffed with C-notes were entered as evidence in his trial.

Part of the evidence was a tape recording made August 21, 1973, at Wong's apartment. The tape begins with small talk about the murder a week earlier of William Hoo, Joe Fong's mentor. Then, Cook clearly exclaims: "Oh, oh . . . there's the money! Thank you." And resumes talking about the murder, asking Wong whether Hoo was a member of the Hop Sing Tong and if he had been trying to see the tong's books. Later, Cook asks Wong how much his weekly operating expenses are.

"One week?" replies Wong. Cook repeats the question. "Oh, operation," Wong answers. "It takes about . . . over $2,000." Cook asks: "For a week?" Wong replies: "Yeah."

The dapper gray-haired little man who came to court each day in a bow tie and dark glasses, carrying a cane and wearing a jade ring, was convicted on two counts of perjury to a federal grand jury. His attorney, Marvin Lewis, one of the nation's most successful trial lawyers, in a plea for leniency, admitted that his client had been "engaged in the gambling business for years in Chinatown." If Wong lied, it was because he feared bodily harm, Lewis explained, either from the cops or from the Chinese, who traditionally deal harshly with informers.

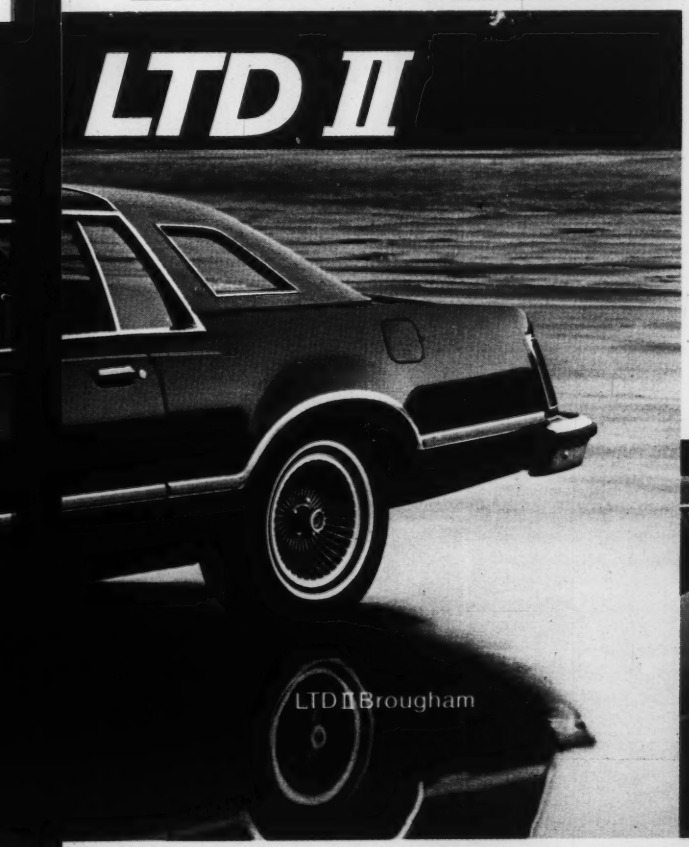
"Mr. Wong is not essentially a criminal," Lewis bluffed. "He has contributed much to society. It does not make it right, but Mr. Wong was brought up in an atmosphere where the existence of gambling in Chinatown is accepted."

Wong was sentenced to three months at Lompoc, a minimum-security federal institution, and fined the maximum, $20,000, to be paid at the rate of $400 every 10 days, just like his payoffs to the cops. The day after sentencing, he turned 74.

There is yet another Wong whose life has been as different from that of Albert Wong as Albert Wong's has been from that of the late Fong Wong.

About a year ago I strolled along Grant Avenue in the company of a Chinese woman, who stopped suddenly to greet an old man. She introduced him. "This is the Godfather." There was a smile on her face, but she was not joking.

Wong Yin Doon is about 85 now, but for much of his life he has been the most powerful Chinese in America—the late Chiang Kai-shek's right-hand man on these shores, the most powerful influence in the Bing Kong tong, the controller of the Hop Sing tong through intermediaries and protégés, and the acknowledged leader of the huge Wong Family Association, whose bloc of votes he used to run the Ning Yuen District Association, and thus control the Chi-



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Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the 30's.

Sometimes, our sources say, he got too friendly for the likes of Honey, the woman who always accompanied him north of the border.

We could never pin the story down for sure about how Two Fingers lost those fingers. But Honey was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Of course, Two Fingers is reported to have said just the opposite about their relationship.

"I take her along to keep an eye on her," he grinned to a Flagstaff hotel man.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of time to keep track of each other on the dozens of trips Two Fingers made throughout the mid and late 30's.

The only trouble is, nobody seems to know what happened to them after 1939.

Two Fingers just stopped coming north. Maybe he moved to South America. A cafe owner in Yuma told us Two Fingers often joked about owning some land there.

"Maybe I'll show the South Americans what they're missing. Like making fine tequila."

It's hard to say where he disappeared to. The one good thing is that Two Fingers Tequila is still making plenty of friends today.

©1977. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, IL, San Francisco, CA Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.

The old tong wars: Traditional fighting tongs like the Hop Sing and Suey Sing used to hack each other to pieces; now they employ kids, who use guns

nese Six Companies.

Wong's special friendship with the late Generalissimo made him a wealthy man. Chiang gave Wong a virtual monopoly on the import of Taiwan mushrooms into the United States. As a member of the central executive committee of the U.S. branch of the Kuo Min Tang (the KMT, Chiang's Nationalist Party) and as a director of the KMT-sponsored Anti-Communist League, he controlled Nationalist activities in America's Chinatowns, and traveled regularly to Taiwan to confer with Chiang on matters of mutual interest.

February 21, 1972, the day Air Force One touched tarmac at Peking's airport, was a sad day indeed for Wong Yin Doon. Chiang Kai-shek is gone now, too. And Wong's power ebbs day by day.

So, too, does the power decrease among Chinatown's venerable institutions. The split between the young and old, the immigrant and the native-born, the rich and poor, take their toll.

The tradition of settling disputes within the tribunal hall of the Chinese Six Companies was shattered in 1973 when rebels within the Hop Sing Tong chose to take their grievances to Superior Court rather than submit to the time-honored arbitration.

The law suits filed by the rebels accused "those old guys" of keeping the tong books closed, refusing to seat duly-elected new officers, and refusing to turn over the keys to the national headquarters at 141 Waverly Place.

More than that, the court actions permitted public scrutiny for the first and only time of the secret inner world of the tong — and blew the cover off the Hop Sing tong's gambling and protection empire. Public officials and law enforcement agencies, however, never pursued the opening. It seems as if nobody really cared, then as now.

The feud erupted December 15, 1972, when president K.S. Wong "appointed" local officers contrary to bylaws calling for their election. A new election was ordered by the courts. But when election day came, out-of-town members from Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and Marysville came to vote. Also present were uniformed officers from Central Station and lawyers for both sides. Jack Lee, owner of the Golden Dragon, presided. Lee threatened to cancel the election unless the plaintiff's lawyer—Gordon Lau, the newly minted present-day County Supervisor—left the hall. Lau agreed, on the condition that only local members be allowed to vote in what admittedly was a local election. As soon as the voting began, police summoned Lau back. The out-of-towners were casting votes.

Back to court went Lau. The court ordered yet another election, with only local members voting. Failure to do so now would result in contempt-of-court proceedings, the judge made clear.

The old guard moved quickly. Two days later, an urgent national conference was convened on the second floor of the Golden Palace restaurant in Los Angeles for the express purpose of expelling the rebels. According to the meeting's minutes, conference chairman K.S. Wong pointed out that the seven chief plaintiffs had separately violated the bylaws and rules.

William Hoo—Joe Fong's main man in the adult community—was cited in particular. Hoo, according to the charges leveled by the tong, knocked at the door of the Lee Family Association in San Francisco about 2 a.m., the day

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after the canceled election. "At that time, a Mr. Pon opened the door. Because Mr. Pon came to the door a little late, Hoo Yuen [William Hoo] ignored Mr. Pon's explanation, used his fists and his foot and assaulted Mr. Pon. Hoo Yuen also boasted at that time that he was the famous 'Lon Jai' [rotten son, or tough guy] of Chinatown; anyone who does not give him 'face' [respect], even if he is as big as Hop Sing tong, can be flattened. Most of his words . . . implied threats. On the following day, the elders of the Lee Family Association came to this organization to complain . . . "

The vote to expel Hoo and the others as undesirables was unanimous, signed by K.S. Wong, Jack Lee and the leaders of Hop Sing branches in Denver, Reno, Los Angeles, Marysville, Seattle and Portland.

The court-ordered election was held, and four of the seven "expelled" members were elected to office. Their installation, however, was boycotted by most of the membership, and the branch chapters refused them recognition.

Then the elders changed the locks at headquarters.

Wiley Lum, one of the expelled, went public. He charged at a press conference that the century-old tong's assets totalled $6 million, but that there had been no audit of the treasury for eight years; that tong-owned buildings in San Jose and Vallejo were sold but not recorded on the tong's books; that a $10,000 "war chest" started in 1920 had disappeared.

The plaintiffs went back to court a third time. The allegations raised by Wiley Lum were the basis of the new complaint.

The elders, in turn, claimed the plaintiffs were a criminal minority who'd been trying to take control of the tong by threats and actual beatings. Their motive, the elders declared, was to use tong resources and influence for criminal purposes. To support this claim, the elders entered into evidence the rather lengthy criminal records of four of the plaintiffs, Bill Hoo, Jack Hoey, Kelly Chan and Poy Lim.

The elders also entered into evidence the Chinese language version of their Basic Rules and Regulations, last revised in 1960. This was done to show that, under the rules, only members in good standing could inspect tong records. The plaintiffs, they said, had been expelled as undesirables. The court ordered its official interpreter to translate the document. It was marked as Exhibit K.

Exhibit K is a remarkable document.

Chapter 12, for example, lays bare the Hop Sing tong's gambling and protection activities: who gets protection and who doesn't, and under what circumstances; and details how much money the tong levies each week on each table in a gambling operation. For example, Article 22 of that chapter spells out what is expected from its Reno branch: "For places which conduct various games of chance, each table is levied $3.50 per week. For a Long Draw place $1.50 is levied per week. For a Short Draw place $5.00 is levied per week."

The Basic Rules and Regulations of the Six Companies lays bare the Hop Sing tong's gambling and protection activities: who gets protection and who doesn't

Other chapters deal with the amount of benefits a widow may expect should her husband be cut down in the line of duty or die in prison; the amount of cash subsidy an imprisoned member will receive upon his release; requirements that the majority of employees in a gambling place controlled by the tong be tong members; and requirements that all gambling places in Tacoma, Vallejo, Guadalupe (Mexico), Reno and other independent areas must employ members to fill all positions "for the sake of strengthening the sphere of influence and to protect the interests of our members."

The law suit against the Hop Sing tong was quietly dropped somewhere along the way.

Jack Hoey is now a member of another tong, and Bill Hoo, the famous "Lon Jai" of Chinatown, died on August 19, 1973, of natural causes at the age of 40: gunshot wounds to the head.

Meanwhile, Hoo's protégé, Joe Fong, is completing the fifth year of his life sentence. He is now 23.

"If the moon had a hole in it," Joe Fong told San Francisco *Examiner* reporter Raul Ramirez one recent day, "they would say 'the Joe Fong gang did it.' It is an easy solution to anything . . . You have something like the Golden Dragon? The place is a tong hideout. The Golden Dragon could have been done by other groups. There's four other tongs in San Francisco. How come they don't mention their names? No. Now, everybody is looking at the police and the youths in confrontation, while the real crooks stay undisturbed."

Joe Fong's bitterness toward the tongs is exceeded only by his anger at the Chinese Six Companies.

"They are supposed to represent the Chinese community. They don't speak out for poor people. Those family associations, those Six Companies—they have a lot of money. They could do

something for the youth. But where are the playgrounds, where are the Kung Fu classes, where is anything? You never hear from them."

Joe Fong was wrong. The Chinese Six Companies were being heard from, at a press conference they jointly called with the Chinatown Chamber of Commerce to announce plans for a phony festival they hoped would bring the tourists back, the Mid-Autumn Festival, heretofore always celebrated privately with visits to relatives, a sort of Thanksgiving Day.

Mayor Moscone was at the press conference. So was Postmaster Lim P. Lee, and Dr. Dennis Wong and Don Po Fong, the current president of the Six Companies.

The press did not want to hear about the "Mid-Autumn Festival." They wanted to hear about killings and gambling and the state of the economy.

"Let's talk about the festival," Don Po Fong insisted in hesitant English.

"Why haven't the Six Companies put up a reward?" a reporter asked. Don Po Fong conferred in Cantonese with Postmaster Lee, who announced coldly: "The answer was, he does not know."

"What are the Six Companies doing to bring the killers to justice?"

"The responsibility for solving the crimes," Don Po Fong said through his interpreter, the Postmaster, "rests with the police."

"How many gambling joints are there in Chinatown?"

The Postmaster leaped to his feet: "Gentlemen, that is not a question! If there are no other questions about the festival, the meeting is adjourned."

"What about gambling?"

The Postmaster, agitated: "We're not here to have a sociological conference."

"Baloney," said a reporter. "This is the first chance we've had to talk to the Chinatown leaders about the gang killings!"

Moscone jumped into the breach and talked about beefed-up police patrols, his hopes of adding more Chinese-speaking cops, the re-introduction of a Chinatown "hot-line" telephone at police headquarters (the last hot-line was shut down in 1972 for lack of use).

"Lanterns will illuminate Chinatown like the 10 suns of ancient legend," another spokesman plodded on. "Store lights will blaze until midnight and the Golden Dragon [not the restaurant!] will make a rare appearance on Grant Avenue on October 10 . . . "

On the way out, Mayor Moscone told a reporter he knew there was gambling in Chinatown because *he'd read about it in the papers*. Hot damn. Moscone was *born* in San Francisco! The festival? It was held as scheduled, from September 28 through October 10. No one came.●

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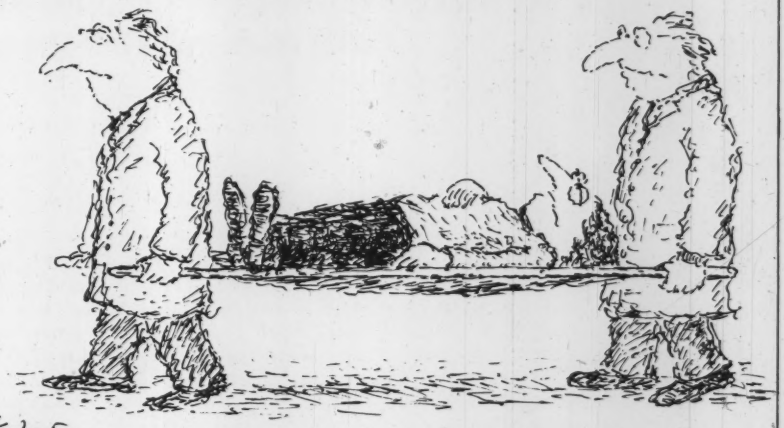

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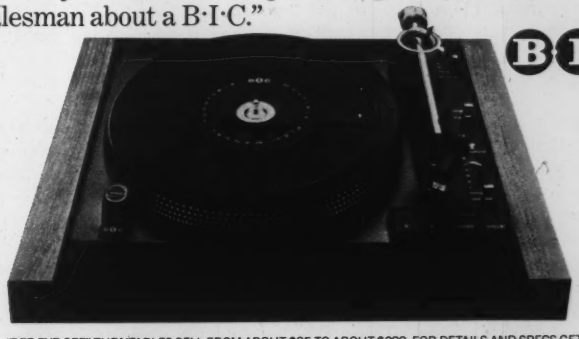

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EXCREMENTO

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

**We flush it away, out of sight, out of mind—
then are dismayed when it washes up on our beaches.
There is a better way—cheaper, cleaner, more efficient.
But before we can imitate nature and recycle our own waste,
we must overcome the hang-ups of generations
who have gone before us**

It happens to everybody, two, three times a day—less if your system isn't working right, more if you eat too many raisins. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. (Most people are embarrassed about it.)

There's a tightening across your stomach, vague uneasiness, feelings of discomfort. In a primitive society, you'd head for the woods; less primitive, a little house built especially for the occasion. In modern society—ah, there's the rub—in modern society, there's a special room where water is brought down from lakes, rivers, forest reservoirs—drawn down, held, then released and sent down to . . . but we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Let's go back. You head for the room. If you're in a car, on a superhighway, you look for a gas station. If you're in a friend's house, you make some joke to get over the—there it is again—the embarrassment. If you're walking the streets of a large city, you may be in trouble. You look for a restaurant, try to talk your way past some hotel clerk, curse and pray. You may have to pay money to separate your body from what it no longer needs.

You enter the room. You undress, relax, read the paper, study the graffiti, do nothing. Thoughts collect. There's a certain pleasure in letting it all happen. Freud thought it was one of the original forms of protosexuality.

Time passes. You feel relieved, ready to go out and face the world again. Male or female, young or old, rich or poor, it all happens pretty much the same way. You rise, clean yourself up a bit, and there it is—floating, nuzzled together like birds in a nest. It was part of you—carried within you—and now it's separate. (The origin of one of its most popular designations is the Old English word, 'sceadan,' meaning, 'to separate.')

Good, bad, horrible, indifferent, the source of childhood wonder, of adult phobia—it all makes little difference now as it is viewed through a window of water. You turn the handle, pull the string, and it's all gone. The porcelain vase chugs, gurgles, sucking in some vaguely obscene way. Round goes the water, down goes your biochemical exhaust, sucked into the gullet of some invisible universe.

Round and round it goes, down and down it flows. And where it ends up, hardly anybody ever takes the trouble to know.

The summer before last, during one of those first dazzling weeks in June, some of it ended up on bathing beaches on Long Island. For almost three weeks, an unusual current of strong southwest winds blew up across the New York Bight, a huge outer bay 12 miles beyond New York harbor. With the current came a stream of chicken heads, used plastic dry-cleaning bags, pig entrails, paper cups, sanitary napkins—and human sewage.

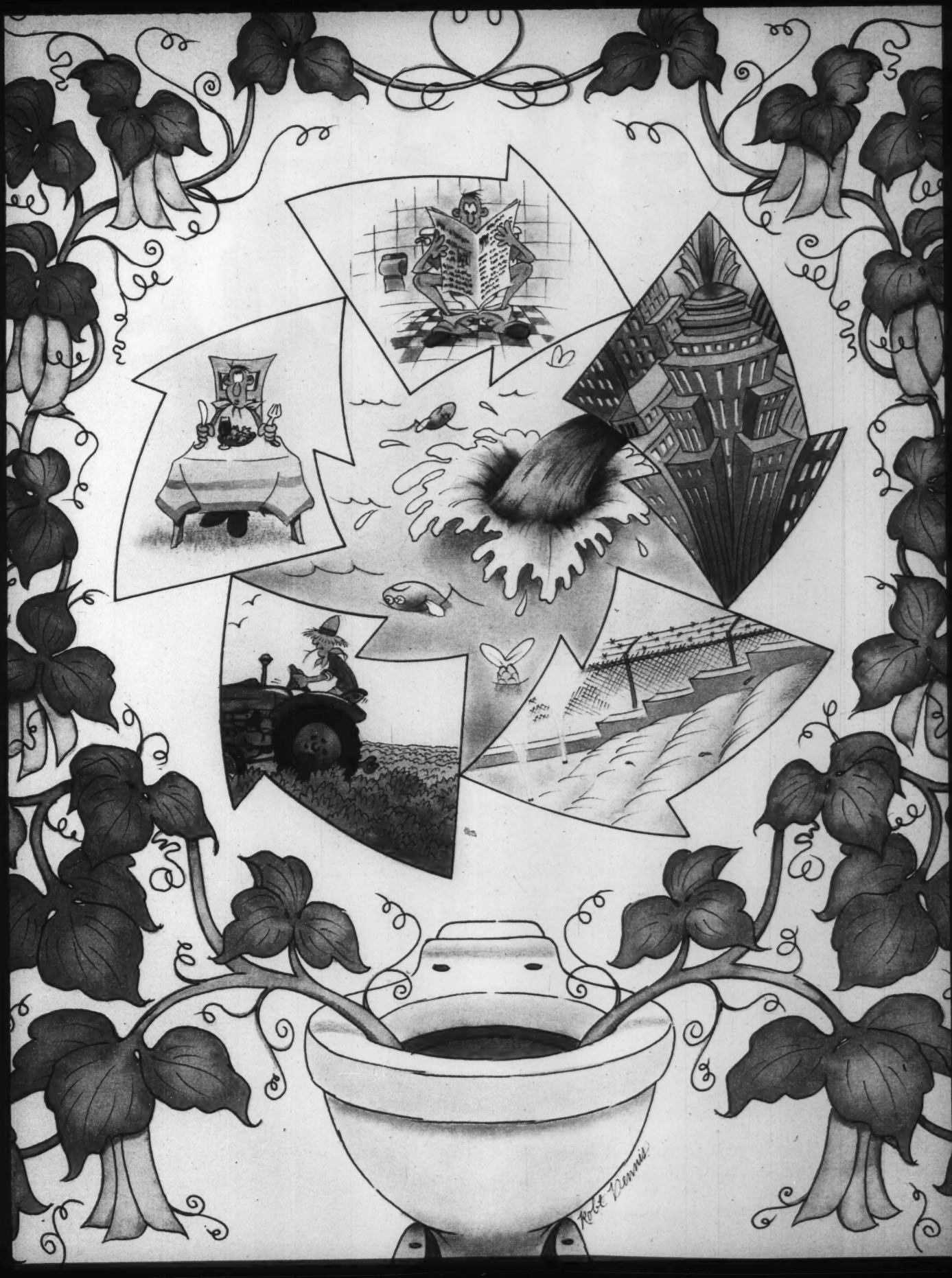
Coliform count is a good way to measure the presence of sewage. Coliform are not disease bacteria, although they can cause minor inflammations if they get in your mouth or other internal systems. Their occurrence is usually taken as an indication that other, more harmful microorganisms, such as typhoid and diphtheria bacteria and polio viruses, are likely to be around. All occur in human sewage.

There were plenty of coliform bacteria in the waters where people normally swim on Long Island in early June of '76. In fact, the entire section of the North Atlantic that washes the shores of New York and New Jersey was beginning to resemble a huge open cesspool. By mid-July, a mass of sewage-eating red algae had "bloomed" in the vicinity; eventually, it spread over 3,500 square miles of ocean. Marine biologists on the scene called it the worst algae bloom on record; before it was over, some 25 percent of the shellfish off the Jersey coast were dead.

Though nearby residents were shocked and editorial writers outraged,

Willam Tucker, a frequent contributor to the *New York Times*, hopes he won't be typecast by this article.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT DENNIS



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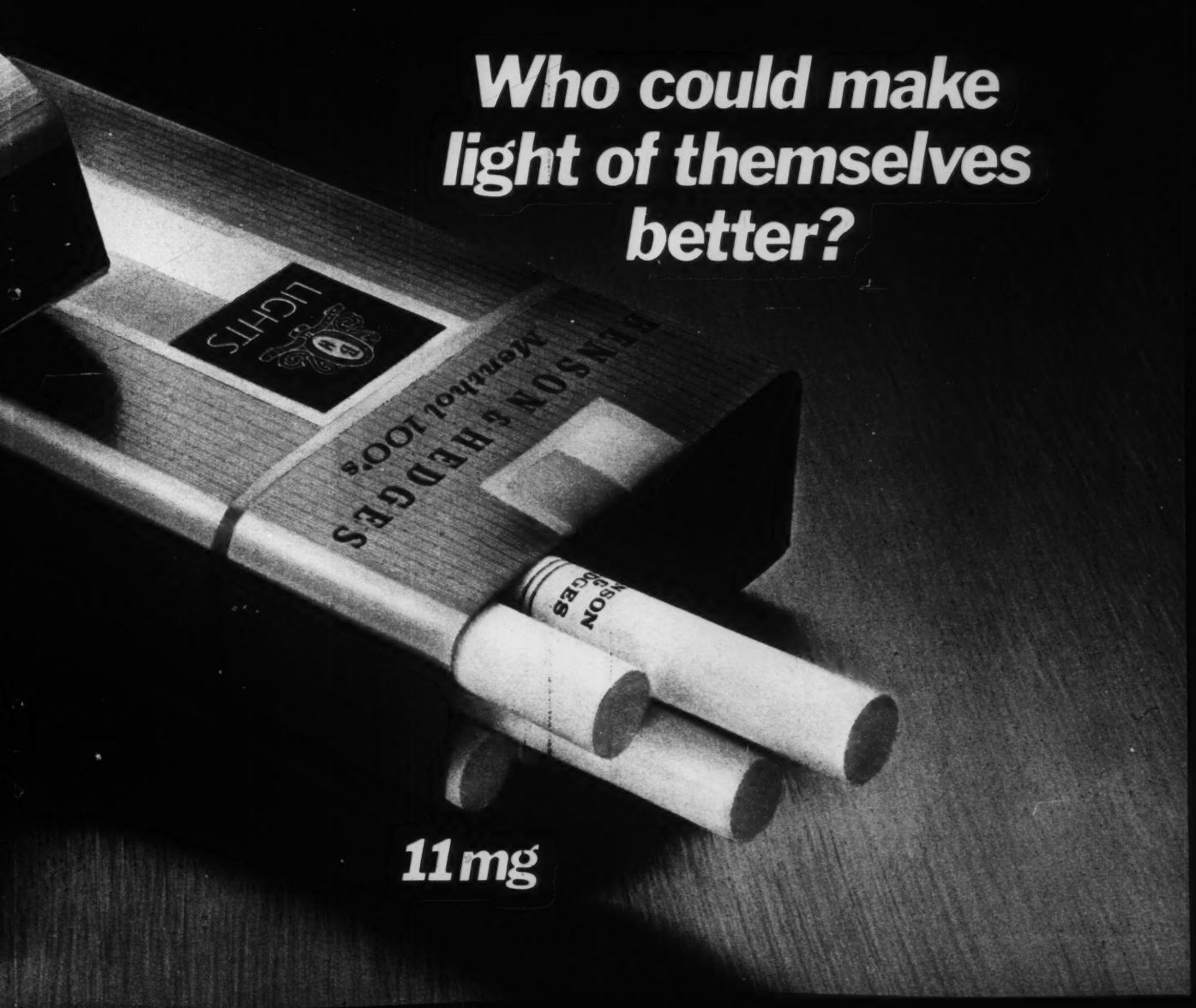

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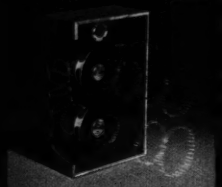

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the "sudden" coastal pollution was wholly predictable. Since 1924, New York City—and later most of the communities in the Metropolitan area—had been using the New York Bight as a kind of saltwater septic tank.

To be sure, sewage treatment definitely has improved along the Hudson and in surrounding areas over the past 15 years (even though New York still dumps 20 million gallons of raw sewage a day into the river). In 1960, only 40 percent of the 2 billion gallons of sewage effluent that flows out of the New York Metropolitan area each day was even being given "primary" treatment (meaning that the heaviest fecal matter was being removed and the remaining waste water treated with chlorine). By 1976, 80 percent of regional sewage waters was receiving at least primary treatment, and 30 percent was receiving secondary treatment, which removes any lingering fecal matter.

But all this space-age sewage treatment was simply moving the problem around, not solving it. After 10 years of continual sewer construction costing more than $2 billion, New York City still was being left with larger and larger piles of "sludge"—the end product of sewage treatment, most of it human fecal matter. The sludge was being barged to sea and dumped into the Atlantic 12 miles offshore. After 50 years, the result was a "Dead Sea" where the oxygen consumption of microorganisms made it impossible for anything larger than a bacterium to survive. Since 1974, maverick scientists had been predicting that the sludge eventually was going to back up onto the beaches.

A month after the sludge began to do just that, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) carried through with a threat it had been making for almost five years: it announced that all ocean sludge-dumping must end by 1982. What New York City was to do with its yearly 2 million dry tons of sewage sludge was its own problem. (Robert Olsen, regional director of EPA's New York office, suggested that the city compost it. "There are precious few farmers left in the Big Apple who want the stuff," replied Robert Low, the city's own EPA administrator.)

Yet if New York City wants to find an example of a successful sludge disposal program, it doesn't have to look far. In almost any garden-supply store on Long Island, one can purchase a bag labeled "organic fertilizer"—perhaps Agway's "5-4-0" with slow-releasing nitrogen, or "Milorganite," recommended for lawns and golf courses.

So what? So the Agway product is made entirely out of Chicago sewage sludge, shipped by rail to New Jersey, dried, sterilized, packaged and sold in stores all over the New York Metropolitan area. Milorganite is simply Milwaukee sludge that has been sold as a soil-builder since 1927. Together the two cities sold over 100,000 tons of sludge products on the east coast last year—more than half the amount that New York City was dumping into its own harbors.

The failure of municipalities to deal realistically with the problem of sludge disposal over the past ten years has almost assured us that we will have a sludge problem for years to come. But the cities alone are not to blame. The "sludge crisis" is also a result of some enormously short-sighted policies by the EPA and other waste-disposal agencies. Consider, for example, what has happened in Poughkeepsie, New York, over the past few years.

In 1972, the EPA ordered Poughkeepsie to upgrade its treatment from "primary" to "secondary" on the 6 million gallons of sewage water it was dumping into the Hudson River each day. As a result of the EPA order, Poughkeepsie city officials began spending the $12 million required to refine the city's sewage treatment system—a refinement that would double the amount of sludge removed from Poughkeepsie sewage. By 1976, a huge new sewer plant was ready for operation, but at the same time the city suddenly was having trouble getting rid of the sludge it already had. Nearby landfills were closing because houses were being built at a rapid rate throughout the area and nobody wanted to be living next to a dump. (Ocean-dumping already had been precluded by another EPA order.)

With the city's sludge tanks already bursting with 600 tons of the stuff, opening the new sewer plant, which would double the sludge output to 10 tons a day, became totally impractical. The completed $12 million plant sat idle for a year before finally opening last month. "I guess it's fair to say that we didn't quite anticipate the several problems of sludge disposal that were going to be all converging at this time," says one embarrassed EPA official.

The problems hardly stop at Poughkeepsie's edge. By 1990, new sewage construction will have raised the entire country's sludge output to 2 million dry tons a year, less than half of which can be dealt with by existing disposal systems.

There is, however, a minority opinion among scientists that this sludge "crisis" isn't really a crisis at all, but instead an extraordinary opportunity. "We are in a position right now where we could reap enormous benefits from our so-called sludge problem," says Dr. Elliot Epstein, a soil scientist at the Department of Agriculture's experimental agricultural station at Beltsville, Mary-

THE CHICAGO SOLUTION

Chicago may well be the recycling capital of the world. The city's most successful effort has been its sewage program, which now recycles 90 percent of what Chicagoans flush, returning it back to the land. Some of the sludge is helping to grow corn on former strip-mine sites downstate, while much of it is shipped all over the country and sold as fertilizer. And about 10 percent goes back to Chicago residents themselves. The heat-dried (not composted) product is called "Nu-Earth," and tons of it are given away each year. "The only problem with it is the tomato seeds," says one local gardener. "They resist human digestion, so no matter what you plant, you end up with a few tomatoes."

But Chicago recycling isn't limited to its sewage. Local industries are finding uses for residue that in most cities is thrown into rivers or burned off into the atmosphere. Several steel companies like Acme and Interlake have adopted "closed systems" of water usage so that nothing gets dumped into the Chicago River. Other manufacturers that draw water from the river are putting it back cleaner than they found it. Sherwin-Williams Paint is re-using its paint residues, and printer R.R. Donnelly is recycling stack gases that it catches in its exhaust system.

City officials believe that Chicago's tough environmental controls are what have forced local industry to take action. "We're the biggest industrial city in the country, so we had more pollution in the first place," says Wallace Poston, director of Environmental Control. "But, in many instances, our controls are making economic sense. A number of companies have discovered that the cost of recovery is less then what they are making from their recycled products. They're actually coming out ahead."

Now that Chicagoans have become so pollution-conscious, they're also carrying the message to other cities. Just this summer, the Illinois Attorney General's office sued the City of Milwaukee, claiming that the phosphates its near northern neighbor is putting into Lake Michigan are ending up in Chicago's drinking water.

land. "Not only could we solve this particular environmental problem, but we could put a big dent in many of our resource and energy problems as well."

What Dr. Epstein and a growing number of biologists and agriculture specialists are suggesting is that the U.S., the most highly developed technological society the world has ever known, should reorient itself and return to one of the oldest primitive practices—the use of human waste as fertilizer.

"It's simply a matter of closing the biological circle, just the way it's described in the biology textbooks," says Dr. Epstein, who has developed a simplified method of composting and is now helping Washington D.C. set up a sewage recycling system. "The words 'humus' and 'human' have the same root. We come from the soil, and that's where our wastes should be returned," he says.

By next July, Washington will open the nation's largest sewage composting plant at its Blue Plains treatment center. There, some 600 tons of sludge a day will be transformed into a peat-like mulch that will be available for use on lawns, parks, and even in home vegetable gardens. "We're going to have a very clean product in Washington because there is very little industry and we won't be plagued with high concentrations of metals and other foreign substances," says Dr. James F. Parr, chief of the USDA's biological waste management labs at Beltsville.

Other cities, especially in the Midwest, also are starting to recycle sewage back onto the land and are finding the results extremely promising. "Sludge handling has been so wasteful that until two years ago some cities out here were actually burning it with natural gas," explains William Martin, director of Resource Recovery in Denver, which has been recycling its sewage since 1970. "We are now gearing our entire system toward ultimate reuse. Someday this material will never be called waste again."

If industry hasn't worried about dumping poisons into rivers and lakes, it certainly hasn't hesitated to stuff them down sewers

It probably would surprise most people to learn that the two main components in urine are this country's two most commonly used nitrogen fertilizers—ammonia and urea. Unfortunately, however, most of the nitrogen that you release into your toilet water never comes out again. Both ammonia and urea are highly soluble, and extracting them from sewage waters costs more than it does to synthesize nitrogen compounds with natural gas; thus, 2 percent of this country's natural gas output is burned each year to manufacture the urea that accounts for 20 percent of our fertilizer.

What all this suggests is that the best solution to the human waste "problem" might be to dispose of toilets altogether and go back to the privy. But in a modern city, waste must be moved on and out, and water is still the easiest way to do it.

So we are left with sludge—a payload of undigested food remains, short on nitrogen, but rich in phosphates, large organic compounds, trace materials and just about everything else that makes a healthy meal for a plant. Once this fecal matter—and the microorganisms which accompany it—are expelled from the warmth of the human body, a biological reaction is set up, one that occurs throughout nature: the waste products get consumed—what we call "recycling."

When the microorganisms that accompany feces are brought together in large quantities—in a compost pile, for instance—they go on a rampage. If human fecal matter—sludge—is placed in a pile 4 feet high by 15 feet long, within 30 days the microorganisms will reduce the pile to a fine, sweet-smelling mixture that has the texture of coffee grounds; to a plant, this residue is the equivalent of a prime side of beef. In this digesting pro-

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cess, the sheer energy exuded by the microorganisms will raise the temperature of the pile to 150 degrees and hold it there for about three days; this amounts to a process of natural pasteurization. The resulting compost is completely cleansed of disease organisms and contains less "germs" than the earth under your feet.

Which brings us to Camden, New Jersey. Early next year, Camden will become one of the few cities in the country to treat its entire sludge output through composting. Only two years ago, Camden was dumping 15 dry tons of pathogen-infested sludge each day about eight miles off the coast of Maryland. The result was a rerun of what was happening in the New York Bight: the microorganisms were using oxygen from the water as they fed on the sludge, turning it into carbon dioxide, and leaving large fish starved for air. Another "Dead Sea" was in the making.

But soon Camden will be giving away its sludge to New Jersey gardeners, who will spread it on their petunia beds; farmers soon may use it for silage, though it's not yet safe for vegetable gardens. The city will be spending only $60 a ton to compost, versus the $100 a ton it was spending to comply with an EPA order to dump 100 miles off the Atlantic Coast. And the capital investment was only $1.5 million, less than half the price of an ocean-going barge.

"Everybody down here is patting themselves on the back," says City Engineer Charles Shoemaker. "We're not polluting the ocean by dumping in it, we're not polluting the air by burning it, and we're making something that people can use. *And* we're actually saving money. We can't believe how easily things worked out."

So why isn't every municipality in America turning to compost? Because there are problems. Particularly vexing, for example, is the presence of heavy metals in the sewage of cities with extensive manufacturing. Sewers, as they exist in cities today, are used almost as much for the disposal of industrial wastes as for human by-products. There are laws against this, but they are almost impossible to enforce. If industries haven't worried about surreptitiously dumping poisons and toxins into large rives and lakes, they certainly haven't hesitated to stuff them down sewers.

The presence of heavy metals in most municipal sewage sludges is already alarmingly high. The chances of extracting them through sewage treatment are practically nil. Some of these elements—copper, iron, magnesium and zinc—are actually "trace elements" in soils and are necessary in small quantities for healthy plant growth; their presence, even in large quantities, doesn't seem to be too dangerous, although no one is completely sure. But others—par-

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ticularly cadmium and mercury—constitute a serious threat if they become locked into the food chain. Mercury is famous as the element that causes nerve damage—the "Mad Hatter's disease." Cadmium collects in the kidneys where it causes severe malfunctioning.

For now, the heavy-metal content in the sludge of many major cities prohibits them from putting their sewage products to agricultural use. "We'd just be taking a water-pollution problem and putting it on the land," says Dr. Rabindar N. Singh, professor of agronomy at West Virginia University.

Still, a compost solution may yet be found by gradually reducing metal contents through enforcement of city waste codes and by simultaneously introducing sludge in areas where crops are not grown for human consumption. "The metals seem to concentrate in the leaf portion of the plant, rather than the grain," reports Dr. Glenn E. Stout, director of the University of Illinois Water Resources Center, which has conducted experiments with Chicago's heavily contaminated sludge. "This means that sludge-grown crops can probably be fed to animals in limited quantities without any dangers; and people can eat the animal products without any severe build-ups. We have to be very careful about the way the whole matter is handled, however."

The potential uses of sludge are by no means limited to agriculture. Right now, for instance, the nation is faced with the prospect of digging up thousands of square miles of prime farm land in order to get at the coal resources buried underneath; within a few years, the restoration of this stripped land will be a major environmental undertaking. It's not an easy thing to do—conventional fertilizers usually fail miserably, washing off with the first rainstorm. But sewage sludge has proved to be extremely effective in bringing life back to devastated land.

Take, for example, an abandoned coal dump near Scranton that had been strip-mined in the 1960s, before federal and state regulations required land restoration. For almost 15 years, the land had festered like an ulcerated sore that would not heal. Nothing could grow. Nothing would take hold. Topsoil had been completely stripped, exposing a subsoil layer that was devoid of organic materials. Water ran off the land with the metal-ion content of weak acid; this witches' brew was running into neighboring streams that were used for drinking water.

In 1974, a team of scientists from Pennsylvania State University received permission to spread several tons of Philadelphia sludge on the land. "We weren't entirely sure what would happen," recalls Dr. William E. Sopper of the University's Institute for Land and Water Resources. "The slopes were so steep that it seemed as if the sludge might wash off as well."

Composted sewage sludge, however, has a capacity to absorb and retain water that is surpassed by few, if any, soil products. Within weeks of the application, grass seedlings were growing on the hillsides. One year later, hardwood trees were beginning to gain a foothold. Erosion was halted, the acid run-off was neutralized, and birds began to feed off the ground. "The last time I was out there it was like an open pasture," says Dr. Sopper. "The land has been completely reborn."

There are hundreds of similarly scarred sites throughout the countryside of such states as Illinois, Pennsylvania and West Virginia right now; many of them have not been able to support even a blade of grass for ten years. At the same time, there are mountains of sludge sitting in nearby cities. Four hundred tons of sludge have been piled at Philadelphia's sewage plant for 15 years; now the city is having trouble expanding the plant because the mountains of sludge are in the way.

When scientists wanted to put composted sludge on the White House rose garden, President Ford's staff would have none of it

Why, one wonders, can't the excess sludge be sent to rejuvenate the scarred and sterile land, thus solving two problems for the price of one? "Basically, what it comes down to," says Maurice Goddard, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources, "is that nobody wants to have to deal with other people's shit."

"We can convince people that it's harmless, that it's useful, that it will even bring them some economic benefit," adds the USDA's Dr. Epstein. "But there's some psychological block there that's very difficult to get over."

"We've made almost every offer conceivable to rural areas to try to get them to take some of our sludge," confirms New York City's EPA director Robert Low. "We've showed them they have every conceivable economic incentive, and they still greet us with a stone wall. It's almost impossible for people to talk rationally on the subject."

The cities that have dealt successfully with the problem have had to embark on lengthy programs of public education. Even then, they have had trouble. "The first day our barges started shipping sludge downstate to Fulton County, we had eight phone calls from people down there complaining about the smell before 10 o'clock in the morning," says Cecil Lue-Hing, research director for the Metropolitan Sanitary District of Chicago. "What the people didn't know is there had been a delay in starting and the barges were still tied to the docks 150 miles away."

Yet, like Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and Omaha, all have recycled some of their sewage for years with outstanding success. Dodger Stadium, the Rose Bowl and Anaheim Stadium are kept green each year with composted sludge; Florida citrus growers have also found that sludge helps their orange trees resist frost; they have been buying large quantities of it from Chicago since the 1930s.

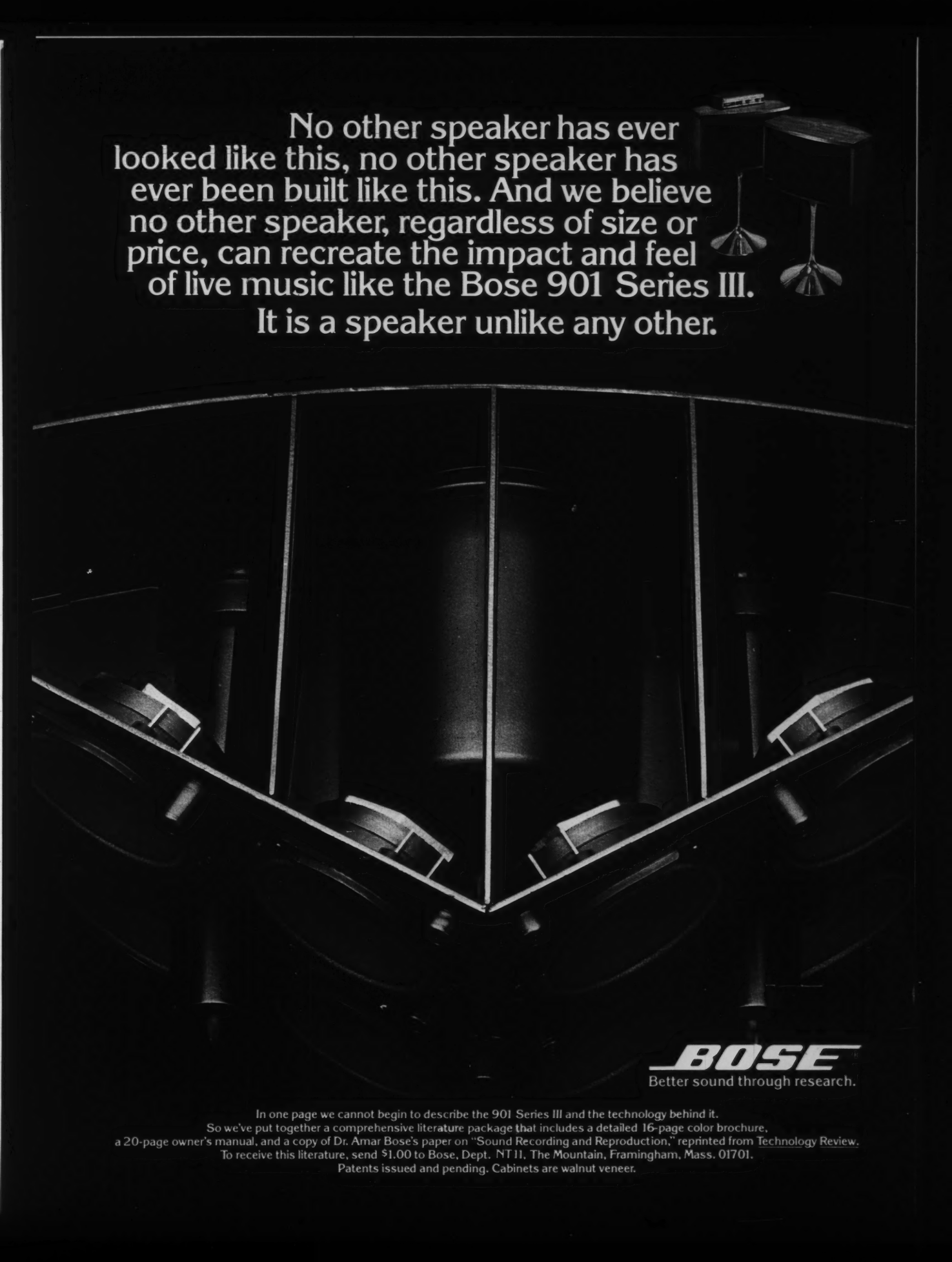
But, with the exception of Chicago and Milwaukee, few cities have been anxious to publicize what they are doing with their sewage. "It's kind of a dirty little secret here," admits Dwight C. Baier, agricultural consultant to Oakland's East Bay Municipal Utility District. "We're not sure what kind of public opposition we might run into, but we'd just as soon not find out." (Dr. Epstein and his colleagues at Beltsville found out in 1975 when they decided to promote the idea of composted sludge by trying to sprinkle some on the White House rose garden. President Ford's staff would have none of it, however; they said the process was still "too experimental," worried about what White House visitors might smell, and told the Beltsville scientists to put it somewhere else—anywhere else.)

In the end, the entire problem boils down to that one word—everybody's favorite expletive, the first word that foreigners are likely to learn in any language, the basis of what must be at least 50 percent of all private humor, and, well, just about everything we hold beneath contempt.

"Shit is our name for absolute worthlessness, whether in human character, art, whatever," says Benjamin DeMott, social critic and professor of English at Amherst College. "This didn't happen all at once, but was a result of sociolinguistic processes evolving over hundreds of years; it would require a huge effort to change its connotations."

Perhaps we should make the effort. If it succeeded, we might lose something—a thousand bad jokes, for starters—but we'd be gaining much more: the solution to a whole fistful of environmental problems, a new and important resource, a chip to play in the whole energy game—and perhaps something approaching an understanding of what it's like to live in a limited world.

But no rush. Take your time, give it some thought. In fact, the best time to think about it might be the next time you feel the need to spend a few minutes sitting on . . . but as we say in the recycling business, that brings us back to where we started.●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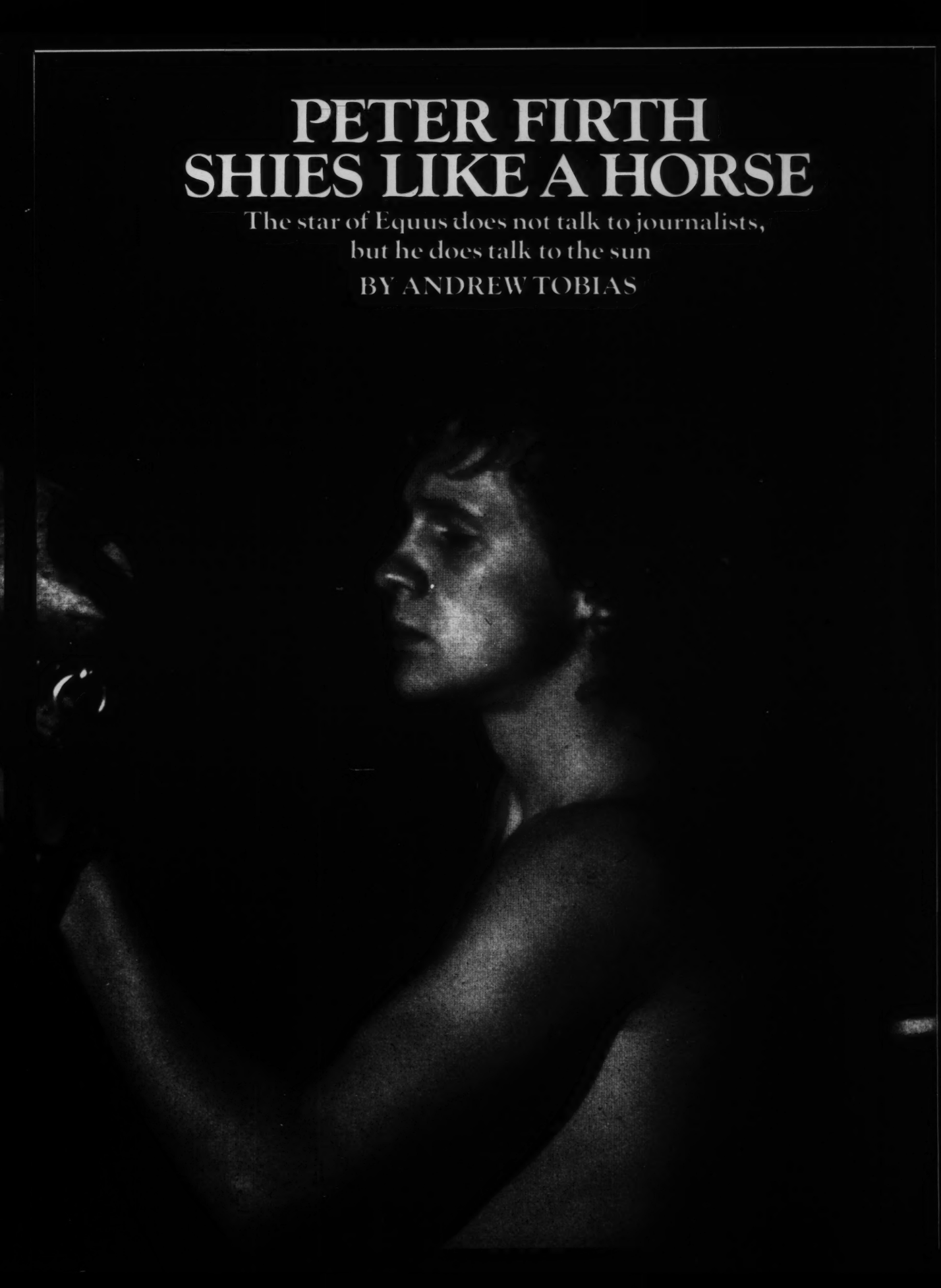
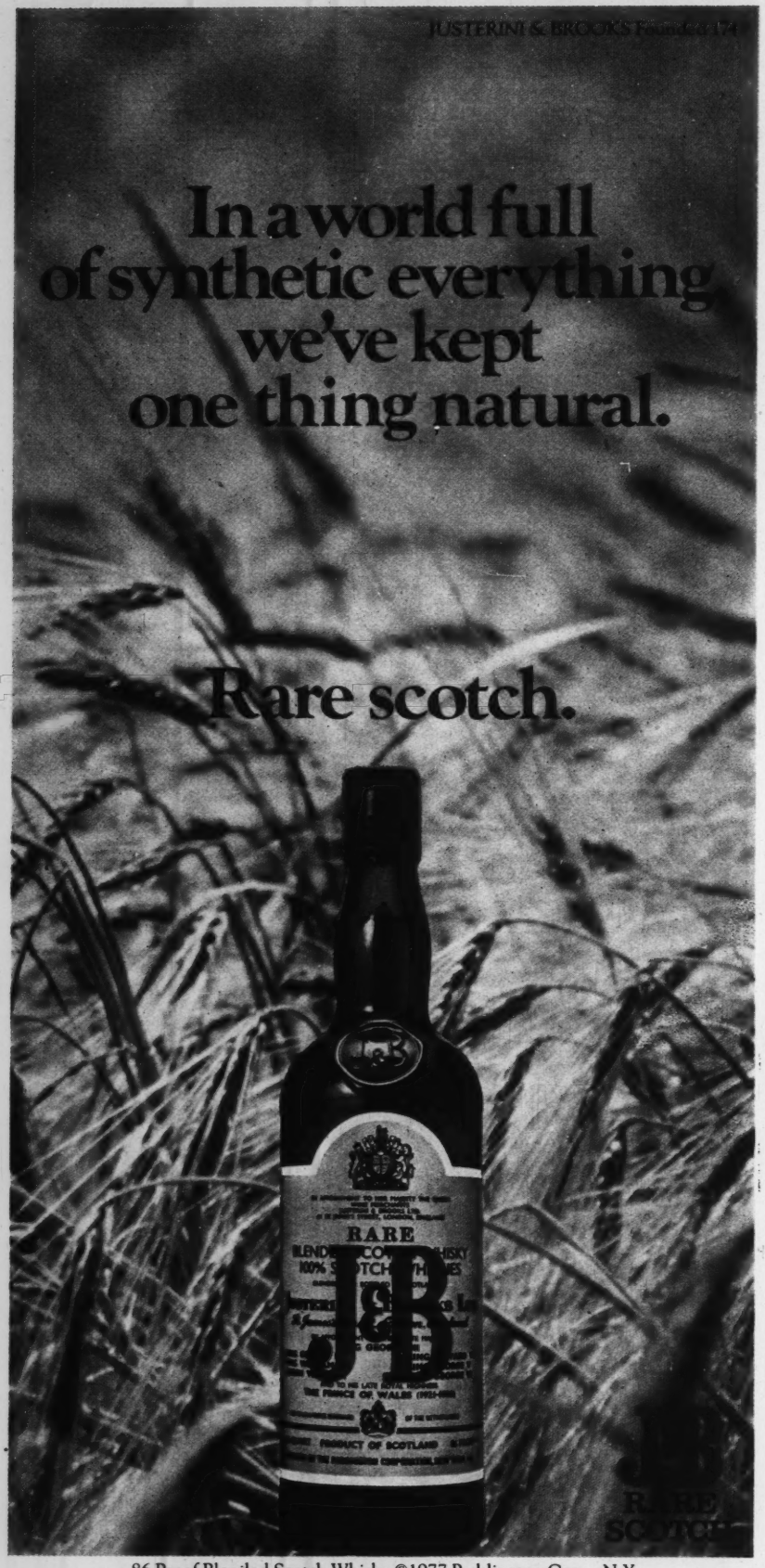
PETER FIRTH SHIES LIKE A HORSE

The star of Equus does not talk to journalists, but he does talk to the sun

BY ANDREW TOBIAS





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It is two in the morning in a field about 30 miles outside of Toronto. Light snow falls intermittently. A boy is standing, naked, in front of a horse. He speaks worshipfully to the horse, mounts him—bare human flesh on bare horse flesh—and begins to ride. And ride. And *ride*, and ride. And *ride* and ride. And *RIDE* and ride. And *RIDE!* and ride. And RIDE! And RIDE! and RIDE! AND RIDE! AND RIDE! AND RIDE! AND RIDE!—all the while talking lovingly, passionately, into the horse's ear—shouting and whispering, shouting and whispering, his face just inches from the horse's neck. A tiny microphone is hidden in the horse's mane. Finally, his passion spent, he completely relaxes his grip on the reins—and is thrown from the horse. He lands in one of the enormous lights the film crew is using, banging his head and narrowly missing a live wire. But the take has gone splendidly—it's a print.

Peter Firth is thinking of moving from London to New York, even though it means leaving a swell multi-participant love affair, because it's been eight months since he's been on stage or before a camera and he's broke and there doesn't seem to be much work for him in England.

I am thinking of leaving also, because it's Wednesday already and everyone in the country is about to go on strike.

This is an economic machine, it's no secret, that has slipped from its peak wartime efficiency. The switchboard of my altogether charming hotel is mucked up, receiving and dispensing calls only at whim (although two from Peter Firth's agent have managed to get through, the first to say—*sorry*—Peter has decided not to be interviewed after all, and the second confirming the first). The Indian pushcart collector at the airport has decided that the easiest way for him to collect the pushcarts under his aegis is not to allow baggage-laden travelers to use them in the first place. And when a friend of mine went into a hardware emporium to get a key made, noting an enormous sign in the window—KEYS MADE HERE—the following exchange took place:

"Can you make a key for me?"

"Madam, do we make *keys?*" (Does a bear . . .)

"Well, I—"

"Not in the *afternoon*, Madam!"

Andrew Tobias is an *Esquire* columnist whose new book, *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, will be published in February. He has never ridden a horse.

(How could anyone have thought otherwise?)

Meanwhile, Lord Breadalbane, Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, 58, and educated at Eton, but presently unemployed, was convicted of purse-snatching. Or so sayeth the *Daily Telegraph*. (The *Financial Times*, ordinarily my preference, was shut down by a strike.)

The working class don't work, the idle rich, obviously, don't work, the shopkeepers don't work—the switchboard doesn't work—and Peter Firth hasn't been working either, although he'd like to.

Firth's lack of employment in no way reflects a lack of ability. For his role as Alan Strang in the forthcoming United Artists/Richard Burton/Sidney Lumet *Equus*, a first-rate film based faithfully on Peter Shaffer's brilliant play, he is likely to be nominated for an Academy award.

His performance is superb. For his role as Joseph Andrews in Paramount's forthcoming-if-*Equus*-is-a-hit *Tom Jones* sequel, *Joseph Andrews*, with Ann-Margret, he may not win awards, but could win a mailsack of young female fans. ("You mean," I asked a Paramount executive incredulously, "you've been holding *Joseph Andrews* all this time—more than a year—hoping to ride on the back of *Equus*?" "Why, yes!" he told me with equal incredulity, "we're not *total* idiots!")

The two roles could hardly be more different. True, both call for a working-class English youth to be the focus of attention. But as Joseph Andrews, Firth is the gallant and innocent young hero, much lusted after but caring only for his beloved and equally innocent Fanny. While as Alan Strang, he is a boy filled with a sexual-religious obsession, locked deep inside, the torment of which has driven him to *blind* six horses with a metal spike. It is for this latter, and far more demanding, role that he was nominated for a Tony award when he played it on Broadway.

Anyway, here is this young actor, 24 this month, the co-star of one "major motion picture" (opening October 16 in New York, November in selected cities and January nationwide) and co-star of another film which, if it is ever released, will at least be head and shoulders above most of the other stuff that's lighting up the screens of the product-starved movie-theater industry—and he is broke, he says, living out of a soft black suitcase in the back of his 50-miles-to-the-gallon breadbox Renault and staying with friends. He has no flat of his own. "That's me," he says, pointing over his shoulder to the suitcase as he dodges heavy London traffic on our way to a late lunch.

He has been prevailed upon to cooperate.

Under ordinary circumstances a

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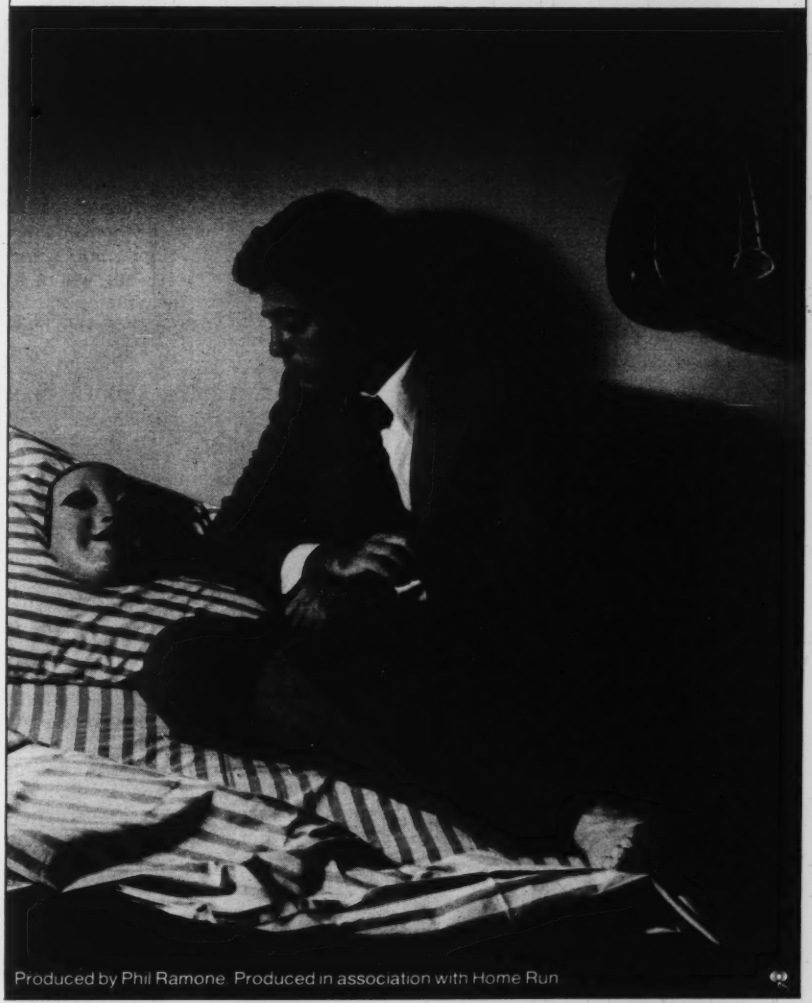

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charming, fun-loving, bubbly companion—I'm told—eager to belt back the Guinness and while away the time, he is with journalists extremely skittish. He does not like interviews, he does not trust interviewers—has not, in fact, spoken with "the press" in three years, since the opening of *Equus* on Broadway. (He has turned down all the major talk shows the *Equus* press agents have booked for him.)

Nonetheless, he is doing his best to be enthusiastic as we enter the pub—a sea of tweed. Peter is wearing black parachute-like trousers with zippered pockets in odd places and a black parachute shirt; irridescent socks and sandals. ("Peter doesn't so much dress," observes playwright Peter Shaffer, "as involve himself in clothes accidentally.") His yellow-blond hair is a veritable burning bush; he is probably the youngest man in the pub—and looks younger than he is. Yet the glances he attracts faze him not in the least. He wedges his way to the bar, brings back two pints of a beer he particularly likes, Moorland's—something about its having been brewed "naturally"—and in short order has his interviewer pleasantly tanked, revealing all manner of secrets in a vain attempt to win the subject's confidence and draw him out. Here and there the subject injects a comment or two of his own.

It seems he has just returned from two August weeks on the Costa del Sol, the guest of friends he would not name; is staying with an indeterminate number of friends in London with whom an intellectual bond has developed into something wonderfully more, but whom he has decided against introducing me to; had not long ago spent a miserable night in Notting Hill jail—piss on the floor, blood on the walls—in connection with a minor incident he would not elaborate on; and would shortly be leaving for Ireland to cruise up and down the Shannon River with another friend he chose not to identify.

"Peter has an extremely well-developed sense of privacy," Peter Shaffer told me after I had returned from London. "Which is not the same thing as secrecy. It can be made to look so—anyone's sense of privacy can be made to look secretive if pressed—but as a matter of fact I think he's remarkably untypical among a number of actors in the sense that he has a reluctance to submit his private thoughts and feelings to public statement, thereby to either devalue them or make them sound glib. You know what I mean? In other words, he's presumably not a very good subject for an interview."

Well, take, for example, this sequence:

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"(*Thoughtful*) My favorite actor."

"Or most admired actor."

"Who is my favorite actor? (Pause) Let me think. Favorite actor. (Long pause) I don't think I've got one!"

"Well, then, how about a favorite actress?"

"Ah, well that's more interesting. Let me think about that. Uhmmmm, my favorite actress would be—oh, well, there are a lot. I haven't got one particular one."

"Who are some of them?"

"Oh, dear. (Long pause) Oh, come on—favorite actress. I haven't got a favorite actress."

Nor, at least under the pressure of an interview, had he a favorite book or play. *Star Wars*, he said, was his favorite movie.

"I hate the theater," says Firth. "It's boring, for a start. I don't like being confined. It's that formal thing of having to sit, all proper, in your seat for two and a half hours..."

"I think," says Shaffer, with whom Firth shares a close and respectful friendship, "Peter genuinely feels that he's not worth interviewing. That anything he has to offer he's offered on stage or screen, and outside of that he isn't worth attention. I suspect he feels himself somewhat inarticulate in a formal situation and doesn't want to sound clumsy or ignorant."

He is, after all, the son of a Yorkshire pub-keeper (they lived above the pub); and he did, after all, leave school at the age of 15.

"It was demeaning," he says of his less-than-distinguished career as a schoolboy. "School wasn't the place for me. I wasn't much good at the studies, or very interested. I kept fantasizing about being an actor and dressing up and being someone else."

His first role, in the third form, was as a clown in a Hanson High School production of *Volpone*. There was a big stack of pennies, sprayed gold, as the "treasure," and he and two of his mates figured out just how many pennies they could take out from the back without having the whole stack cave in. (Later he would be kicked out of the choir for putting bubblegum on the pews once too often.)

He joined a local drama club, managed a few bits on Yorkshire television, then left school to take one of the leads in a series called *The Flaxton Boys*, on the understanding that he would return when it finished shooting.

He did not return.

His parents didn't mind. "I was

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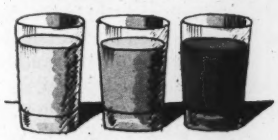

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extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

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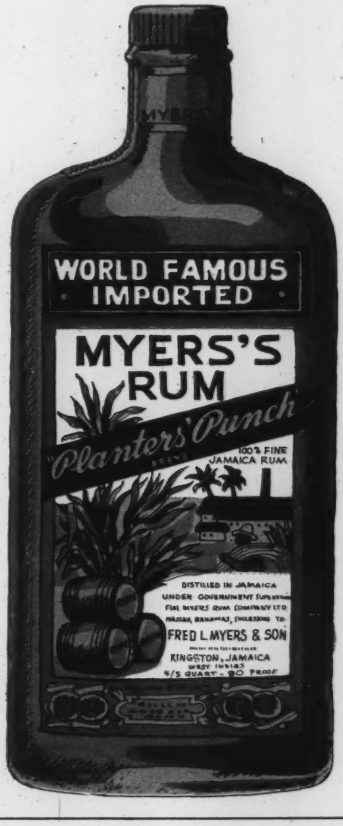

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

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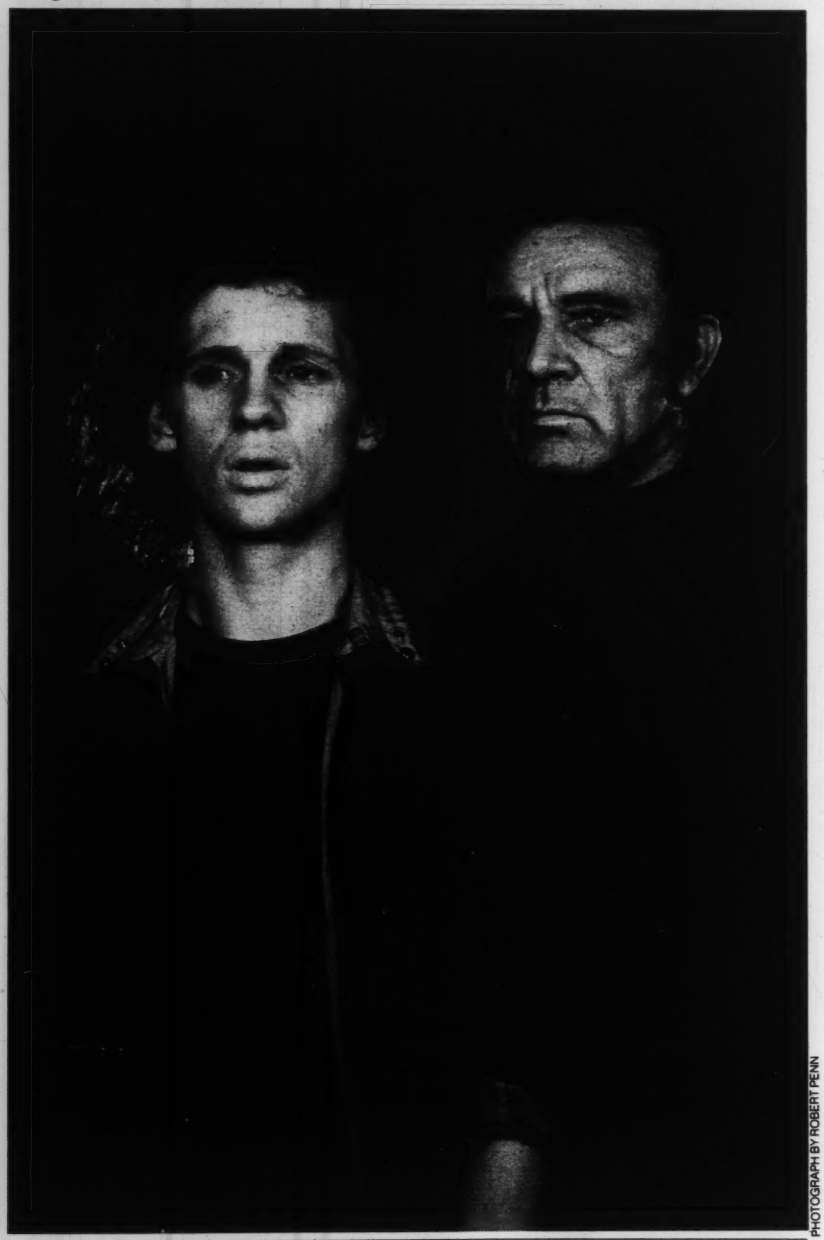
going to be a plumber, like my mates—some job like that. It didn't matter that I quit school."

One part led to another, and another led to his being seen on TV by director John Dexter, a bit of a tyrant, who was in the midst of casting *Equus* for the National Theater.

Not that it was all painless or easy. He had to go through ten auditions for the part of Alan Strang. At the tenth and final one, aged 20, he had to perform in front of Sir Laurence Olivier and the other directors of the theater. He was appropriately shy and nervous—more so when he realized that the scene he was being handed by the stage manager started two pages earlier than the one he had been asked to prepare. Rather than fake it, he sat glumly on stage, barely speaking the lines, waiting for the part he had prepared—and only then began to respond. Finally he had to ride a wooden table (no better horse being available) to the point of orgasm.

He got the part—a starring role at London's Old Vic (capacity: 1,200)—and was paid the remarkable sum of £35 a week to perform it. About $70. (For the movie he was paid a flat $100,000.)

He called his mother with the news. "That's nice," she said, off-handedly. Then a couple of days later she phoned him back. She had asked around a bit, she said, and now she thought she understood. "The National Theater—that's rather like getting a degree, isn't it?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FENN

Horse latitudes: the morning and the evening star

"Peter is an amazingly quick study...you don't ever have to trudge with Peter"

We have moved on from the pub to a seafood eatery in the West End. Over stewed eels, which the adventurer in Peter feels compelled to try, but not to finish, Peter offers his own reasons for being interview-shy. Well, for one thing, he doesn't want to "corroborate all that bloody advertising." It's rotten, he says, the way they play on people's fears—"that you won't be a good screw unless you use this or that." And yet Peter readily admits he likes money and a lot of the things he sees advertised. He wishes he had a $20,000 sportscar—and he would like a boat. He has already bought himself a small house in the country. (Whereabouts? "In—ahh—the South of England," he says cautiously. What's it like? "It's a beautiful house, a very small house, in the middle of the wood. And very hard to find.")

Beyond his objection to advertising, there is a healthy humility. "I hate it when actors suddenly become pundits and experts on everything," he told John Gruen of the *New York Times* once. "Our job is simply to entertain."

There is also in Peter much the same psychological claustrophobia Firth portrays so well in Alan Strang. Noted Gruen: "Moving and shifting about on a couch in the lounge, Firth restlessly fidgeted with his hands. He seemed continuously on the point of fleeing the interview."

Indeed, his claustrophobia is such that he himself does not enjoy the theater. "I hate the theater," he says, "I really do. I love to play in the theater—the thing I love to do most of all. But I *hate* to sit there and watch. It's boring, for a start. I don't like being confined. It's that formal thing of having to sit, all proper, in your seat for two-and-a-half hours and listen and be attentive to something that, nine times out of ten, is not very interesting." He prefers movies, where he can sprawl out.

But he has sworn off TV, does not read, and thinks magazines are "frivolous." Neither does he have political views. Instinctive and physical rather than intellectual, he loves scuba diving, gymnastics and carousing, American hockey—for the fights—and the wail of sirens. He does not love the Philharmonic.

Peter Shaffer, whose plays prior to *Equus* have included *Five Finger Ex-*

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ercise and *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, has just moved into a Riverside Drive penthouse apartment. There are masking-tape arrows on the dry portions of the freshly stained parquet floor so that visitors may hopscotch through the foyer to a large and comfortable living room that is dominated by a large fireplace at the center—as at a ski lodge—and a grand piano to one end. In many ways Shaffer, while perhaps biased by his obvious affection for his young friend, is the best way to know Peter Firth. He writes the lines.

"I'd characterize him as a natural actor," Shaffer begins. "A natural instinctive actor with a marvelous sense of timing and a marvelous ability to immerse himself in a role. A naturally histrionic person. That doesn't mean that he's in private an exhibitionist or anything of that sort—on the contrary, I think, as you discovered, in fact, he's an extremely modest person.

"An immense part of the process, I think, in which a man does the very mysterious thing of becoming an actor depends upon a whole hinterland of subconscious experience. The wellspring's got to fill up. Which is not going to happen if he's talked out.

"When we rehearsed *Equus* at the first in London, he asked me very, very little. And I think part of that was a very proper wisdom in guarding his own psyche and his own talent against that very process of 'talking out.'

"One problem I can remember on the film . . . I do remember that he had a certain difficulty the night we were shooting the ritual scene in the field—that very complicated scene with the horse. He was at first mentally rather thrown by this. He felt almost a sense of absurdity, or extreme difficulty, anyway. And I think the reason was—and we talked about it—that he had never done it, of course, had never gone through those ritual actions with a real horse. He had done it with an actor wearing a mask. And the whole process of a ceremony with religious undertones was made much easier by his being able to do it in front of a *stylization* of a horse—like an ikon or an image—rather than the thing itself.

"He was very intelligent about this because at first he said—and various other people said—what if the horse should do this or that—what happens if I bow and the horse doesn't bow, or if the horse doesn't look at me, or if the horse eats grass? And Peter, who's immensely quick about this sort of thing, said—Well, so much the better! The god can do what he pleases; 'tis the worshipper who goes through the steps of an obsessive ritual. And having thought that, it solved the problem for him. It then did not matter what the horse did. He was able to build it all into himself and keep the dramatic tension going. You can see the difficulty—on the stage, everything was choreographed, more or less, including the reactions of the 'horse'; with a real horse, none of this could be predicated in advance."

The actual shooting of that scene was all done in one night, in a field. Although it does not appear so in the film, the horse is actually riding in a circle—not straight ahead. There were four large lighting towers set up, which worked on

"The sun's the life-giver. I talk to it, you know, like you would to a god"

a principle of cross generators—as one faded, the next one rose, and so on—to produce an even and, in this case, ever brightening light. "You probably noticed," explains Shaffer, "that the ride begins in moonlight, then in silver light, and finally ends in a very bright white light." (The same thing happens at the end of the film, only there the change is into a sort of amber brilliance, which then stays all through the blinding.) "The first thing that had to be seen was just whether this would work technically.

"It had been meant as only a dress rehearsal, but Sidney [Lumet] thought it was a perfect night and asked Peter if he wouldn't mind having a go at it. It so happened that Peter hadn't done that scene, in terms of the words, since he left the play—and there were some minor changes made—so I was to hear him in his words. Peter is an amazingly quick study—an amazingly quick getter of points. You don't ever have to trudge with Peter.

"Anyway, we began. The first time was a tangle—I think he forgot one of the lines. The second time he was thrown by the horse—a marvelous horse, a little Arab, very charming, but somewhat confused by all the lights in its face and one thing and another, you know, and Peter came off.

"So they said, well, let's just try it once more—it was very important to finish it in some form at least, just to see if it would work technically. So he did it once more, and the third time lucky, he completed it.

"It was a very courageous thing to do, actually—an extraordinary thing to do. And what is amazing about that scene is that it was recorded live. It was not dubbed. There's not one word been altered. I mean, it was done absolutely live at full gallop, naked.

"Shortly after that, after the orgasm itself, he was thrown again. He fell off. He fell into one of those enormous drum-shaped lights and he was mildly, very mildly, concussed—at which point we decided to call it a night. Mr. Lumet did. And, indeed, he was very near, apparently, according to Sidney, a live cable. Very near."

If anything, the filming of *Joseph Andrews* required even more acrobatic agility than *Equus*. One enormous fight scene, in a King Ludwig-like leather-skulls-and-chains-dungeon banquet hall, was originally budgeted for half a day's shooting, but eventually was allotted five. (Peter recalls that scene with relish, "the kind of thing every boy dreams of, freeing his true love from a dozen villains against impossible odds, dueling and all that.") "Peter has a great pleasure in physical action," says Shaffer, "and I think it shows on the stage."

I saw *Joseph Andrews* twice and enjoyed it both times. How did Shaffer's sophisticated eye appraise it?

"Well, I remember years ago talking to Albert Finney about playing Tom Jones and asking what it was like, and he said, 'Well, you know, it was sort of a nightmare.' And I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'Well, *you* try smiling for three months.' And I recalled this when I asked Peter what it was like and he said, 'It's all that grinning!'

"I know exactly what he means. I mean, those parts are very strange, those ingenue heroes, because you've got to be both exciting and attractive, and yet rather simple—the recipient of events rather than the initiator. That kind of endless smiling figure is a difficult thing to play without appearing a simpleton or a bore. I think Peter managed to avoid both those traps very neatly."

So did Shaffer like *Joseph Andrews*?

"I sort of liked it, yes. Sort of. Sort of. Not as much as all that, really. No."

And what of the movie of his play *Equus*?

"Mike Nichols said to me once that he'd like to have a go at directing *Equus*—but then again, he said, perhaps not," recalls Shaffer. "Because once you have a real table and a real chair, you've got to have a real horse. And once you have a real horse, you have to have a real blinding—well, not 'real' real, but seemingly so—the alarming nature of which may obscure that very symbolic sort of quality [the horse is meant to take on]—and to be in its nature so horrifying that when Dysart says at the end, 'You won't gallop anymore, Alan,' the audience will say, 'And a bloody good thing, too!' If they say that, you know, then the whole point is lost.

"It is a double tribute here I think, first to Lumet, because I think he solved that problem. It becomes increasingly evident to an audience that even though it is alarming, what they're watching is something that is not essentially about the blinding of horses. The thing is about the worship of a god—and a god has two faces. Equus has a benign face and an ecstatic one; it also has an

alarming and horrified one. [This duality] is parallel to the psychiatrist's god of the Normal, as when Dysart says, 'It is the ordinary made beautiful; but it is also the average made lethal.'

"It's both. And it is my intention in the play to show two people serving two gods, both of which are, as all gods are, ambiguous.

"And I think the second tribute is to Peter's fineness as an actor that nobody is in any doubt when they see it that this is a very important experience the boy is going through—that they're not just watching a kinky little boy who did a rather beastly thing, or a very beastly thing. He manages to play a disturbed and ecstatic personality without making it appear either unpleasant, or so far removed in experience from an audience that it comes out as, say, David Berkowitz.

"Peter does effortlessly present the picture without any kind of false piety or eyes-raised-to-heaven goodiness or anything like that. He presents an image of a man invaded with a sense of worship. And that's a very hard thing to do. It's an extraordinary thing to do. Nobody who sees the movie will question, whether they like it or not, that Peter, as Alan Strang, is feeling what the story says he felt, and that the immensity of his emotion is something for his psychiatrist to envy. ["At least I galloped—when did you? That's what Alan's stare asks me," Burton says to the audience, which has become his own psychiatrist. "I'm *jealous* of Alan Strang."]

"There are a lot of young actors who've played Alan Strang who haven't succeeded, for me. I find myself saying to them: 'It's fine, love, it's alright what you're doing—but what is it that that highly complicated and educated and experienced man is envying in you? I don't see it.' In Peter one sees it, absolutely."

In Peter Firth one also sees something else—a little of Alan Strang. I asked him which of the two characters, Alan Strang or Joseph Andrews, he was most like—thinking he was rather an even mixture. "Alan Strang," he replied, "—with a Joseph Andrews hair style."

He has the charm and vagabond recklessness of Joseph Andrews. But very definitely, too, the withdrawn, hunted-animal quality of Alan Strang. In trying to find out what Peter Firth's own Equus might be—and hence the core of personal experience on which he had been able to build the Alan Strang character so powerfully—I chanced upon the knowledge that, while he searches around for something better to worship, he worships the sun. "It makes a lot of sense, you know," he says, "total sense. The sun's the life-giver."

"You mean you like to go to the beach?" I asked, feeling rather stupid.

"No, I talk to it, you know, like you would to a god. It's the only one that makes any sense to me."

"What sorts of things," I asked, "do you say?"

"'Good morning,' you know; 'are you going to look after me today?' Things like that." It is, in other words, a rather casual form of worship.

"Oh," Peter remembered abruptly. "And myself."

"I think I'm perfect," says Firth. "The only thing I wish I had was to be able to realize I was perfect. How about that? Does it make any sense?"

"You worship yourself?"

"Yeah."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I think everybody does, you know? You get up in the morning and you spend more time on yourself than you do with anybody else or any god, worshipping yourself. Combing your hair, brushing your teeth, thinking about yourself, questioning yourself. I worship myself."

Ah. Finally, I thought, I had an "in" to get at what Peter thinks about himself—which up till now he would not approach from any angle. "What *do* you think when you think about yourself? What would you like to change about yourself?" I asked.

"I think I'm perfect," Peter answered with seeming sincerity. "The only thing I wish I had was to be able to realize I was perfect. How about that? Does that make any sense?" Does he mean he would like to be more self-confident? "No, I'm self-confident enough. It's that I actually know I'm perfect, and yet I haven't yet realized it fully. Does that make any sense? And I'm kind of angry with myself that I haven't realized it. But I'm working on it." Suddenly I have the feeling Peter has just dropped a tab of some interesting drug.

"So you're too down on yourself?"

"No, not *too* down on myself—just down on myself."

"In what respects?"

"Just that one. That one thing that I said. That I don't quite realize how perfect I am."

Rather than conceit, I realized, this was Peter's own circular brand of positive thinking, a home-grown est (no, he said, he had not been through est or its equivalents). "Well, you can take it any way you like," Peter concluded.

I took it that one should go to Peter Firth for acting, not for profundities—which is exactly the point he has been trying to make by dodging interviews all along.

As for his own explanation for how he acts, he says he does not do much to psych himself up for shooting a scene. In *Joseph Andrews* he would just "get into the drag, maybe look at the sword and castle for a minute or two," and automatically, instinctively, assume the role.

Thus there was a time when Peter Firth was afraid of being "found out." He worried that people would discover that he wasn't an actor at all, but only a face and a mop of hair, and that he was just doing what came naturally. Now, Firth seems content that neither he, nor anyone else, knows exactly where his acting ability comes from. ("He has greatness," *Equus* director Sidney Lumet says. "I don't know where it comes from, but it's there.") Not long ago, he saw a screening of *Equus* with three friends. He says there is nothing in his performance that he would change.

The hardest scene for him to film was not the moonlit ride, but the blinding. "Nightmare. Four days of hacking eyes," he recalls. "Having blood poured on me. Naked all the time. It was not very nice a' tall. And the accuracy, you know—I mean, have you ever tried to hit a horse in the eye with a long curved thing? The eye's only about that big"—he makes a zero with his thumb and forefinger—"and he's way up there." Of course, models of horses' heads were used for the actual carnage, not real ones—but still.

Firth believes Alan Strang's pain arises *not* out of his sexual worhip of horses, per se, but out of the fact that he knows society as a whole to perceive such a thing as horrible. "What's so bad about buggering horses?" he asks me, "the horse likes it." Yes, Peter assures me: although it's not explicit in the play or the movie, Alan Strang does bugger horses.

He seems to know this about the character he has played with such intensity on and off for three years. But when I ask him what happens to Alan Strang after the curtain goes down—*does* he indeed become normal but passionless, as Burton (in the role of Dr. Dysart) fears? *is* he better off for having had his demon exorcised, if indeed he has?— Peter seems surprised. "Nobody wrote it," he says. "I don't know. It ends— the play ends. I never looked beyond the curtain call, you know, I really didn't, until you asked me just now."

At the conclusion of our afternoon, back in my hotel with a half bottle of champagne—which, in my confusion from trying to "relate" to Peter, I have attempted to open with a corkscrew—Peter Firth places the cork under my pillow (it's good luck, he tells me), kisses me square on the lips (actors do that), promises to visit me in New York the following Friday if he possibly can (he can't), and makes his escape.●

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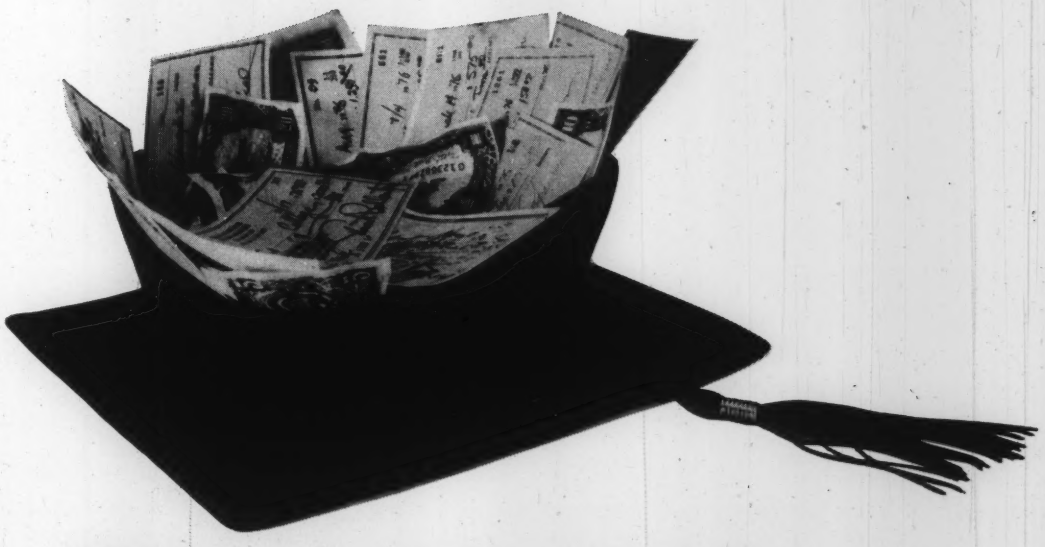

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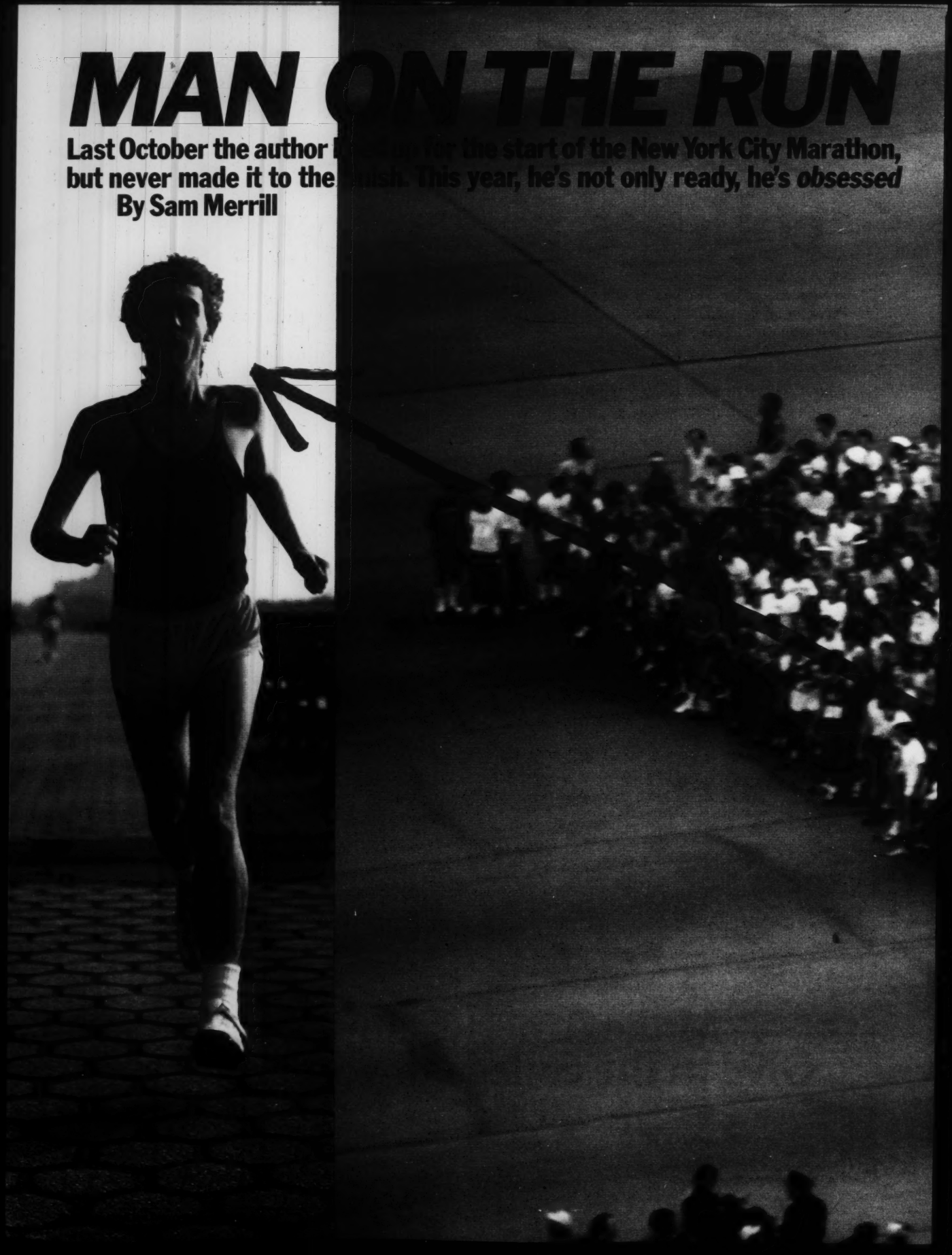
MAN ON THE RUN

Last October the author [illegible] for the start of the New York City Marathon, but never made it to the [illegible]nish. This year, he's not only ready, he's *obsessed*

By Sam Merrill



Laraine and I had spent six months searching for that apartment; brick walls with inlaid beams from the original 19th century hotel, oversized windows looking out over University Place, parquet floors, new appliances, central air, and ceilings only slightly less impressive than the nave at Chartres.

"It's perfect," she whispered, even before the rental agent had done his number about Diamond Jim Brady staying in this very room every time he visited New York.

—I said we'd get back to him.

The agent was even more astonished than Laraine. "Is it the rent? I've got something a little smaller on the second floor . . ."

"No, the rent is OK. We'll get back to you."

And so it passed, the moment of vivid and inescapable self-realization every social deviant must eventually encounter. Until then, I'd been able to hoodwink both myself and others into accepting the utterly preposterous notion that running was something I could take or leave. But after turning down the most beautiful apartment in New York because it was too far from Central Park, all pretense fell away and my politely expressed but rarely dwelt upon desire to become a marathon runner was revealed for exactly what it

had become: a desperate and grotesque obsession.

I used to be normal—a Sunday softballer who jogged two miles a day if the weather was good and I didn't have an early appointment. I now recall, with the same gilt-edged detachment one customarily reserves for the innocent memories of youth, a 1974 assignment that took me, over a two-and-a-half-week period, to L.A., Phoenix and Chicago, and during which I did not run, or even think of running, once. It's been a long way from that trip to the two-and-a-half-*day* assignment in Washington I recently canceled because there were no rooms available in any of the hotels bordering Rock Creek Park.

How did it happen? At first, the question triggers not an answer, but an image: the Willis Avenue Bridge spanning a narrow bottleneck of slimy river; a runner, his thighs numb, his feet and lungs burning, his vision darkening under a gray October drizzle, stumbles, then rights himself with the outstretched arms of a circus aerialist, then stumbles again . . .

How did it happen? Through a complex, almost magical process of seduction. I'll try to explain it all, but it won't be easy. I've never been much of a pornographer.

I began jogging, like most people, to stay in shape. Or rather, to return to the shape that maintains itself through the final stages of puberty, then melts away at a remorseless, but imperceptable rate until that sweltering Sunday when you and a nineteen-year-old, both in shorts, share a seat on the crosstown bus and you are suddenly faced with the bitter recollection of what a human thigh is supposed to look like.

From age 25 to 29, I ran two moderately unpleasant miles, four times a week. And those miles did keep me in shape. Yet I remained vaguely dissatisfied. The glory, the mystical transcendence other runners seemed to experience was somehow eluding me. A runner is supposed to be contemplative, taciturn; a vagabond philosopher; Siddhartha in a jockstrap. But after padding along those early-morning roads in the pacific solitude that is so much a part of the long-distance mystique, I found myself growing not wise, but bored. Running never really seemed like a sport to me. It was merely sit-ups with scenery.

Last spring, I reported the above lament to a friend and editor. "Why not take up racing?" he asked.

Of course. No wonder running had never become a sport to me. There were no enemies. My friend quickly gave me an assignment: join the Road Runners Club of New York, enter a race of at least five miles, train for it, compete, then report on my experiences.

That afternoon I picked up a racing schedule at the West Side Y, selected my event—a five-miler at St. John's University one month hence—and commenced training in earnest. Those Road Runners didn't know it, but in just four weeks a mysterious athlete would bolt from the pack, streak for the finish line like a flash of summer lightning . . . Suddenly, running had become a sport to me. I had enemies.

My first finding : Five miles is at least ten times farther than two miles. If Pythagoras had hung around Olympus once in a while instead of spending all his time drawing triangles in the sand, liberal arts majors pondering the leap from jogging to racing would have been spared 25 centuries of grim disillusionment.

Somewhere around Flatbush Avenue, it happened again, that same kite-like feeling of sailing above myself, removed but not entirely beyond the reach of my accustomed faculties

But I stayed with it, ran the race at St. John's, finished 51st in a field of 71, was treated to two distinctly pleasant surprises. One was the cheap, but nevertheless profoundly satisfying thrill of defeating 20 runners in my first race (competition appeals to my basest mental instincts, an appeal I have always found irresistible). The other surprise is more difficult to describe. Around the three-mile mark I was convinced I'd shot my wad. I passed one runner who'd broken down, and was about to begin walking myself, when a lanky figure, shirtless in a white sun visor and yellow shorts, appeared in front of me—from nowhere, it seemed—at the start of a particularly desolate straightaway. Unlike most of the runners at my end of the pack, who pounded and lurched along on unsteady legs, this one was gliding easily over the pavement, more like a running machine on "economy cruise" than a straining racer. I fell in behind him, held it there until he was holding me. The pain that had almost caused me to quit was still present. I was aware of it, but above it, soaring. Then the finish line was ahead and I suddenly wanted to pass this running machine. I stretched, lengthening my stride until the pain in my throat and legs was sucked back into the center of consciousness. Yet the runner in front of me, now pushed rather than pulling, maintained his lead at precisely the distance it had been when he first materialized. I crossed the finish line feeling at once defeated and exultant.

The memory of that St. John's race kept me training seriously for several weeks. It was a double-edged fantasy. First, I wanted a do-over, another shot at catching that shirtless stranger in the homestretch. And second, I wanted to re-create the magic of cruising along behind him. Had I experienced the mystical third wind other runners had told me so much about? Possibly. But I couldn't be sure. The onset had been too unexpected, the sensations too alien to permit sober analysis. In at least that one respect, running is like sex. The first time doesn't really count.

So I continued at five miles a day, but was never able to recapture the magic of that race. Then the heat and the old boredom set in. And by August I was back at two miles, where I undoubtedly would have remained forever if a certain letter, dated September 22, had not appeared in my mailbox.

I'd always laughed when the mass murderer's mother told the press her son was "really a good boy"; that "if he'd had better friends, those eight stewardesses would be alive today." But I'm not laughing anymore, because I know if it weren't for Pete Canning, I'd be a normal person right now, living in a beautiful apartment on University Place.

I met Pete at St. John's and we hit it off immediately, exchanging addresses, but losing contact by mid-summer. Then in September he wrote to remind me of a pledge we'd made after the race: to train hard all summer, then run the New York City Marathon on October 24. Pete said he was only up to 40 miles a week, asked whether I'd been equally truant. Rather than reply that I, personally, was coming off an eight-mile week, I decided to say nothing for a while and resume training.

As I toed the starting line on October 24—or rather, toed a patch of asphalt on the Verrazano Bridge toll plaza some 200 yards behind a leaping Bill Rodgers, a shivering Frank Shorter and a Ron Hill who, at that moment, appeared absurdly dapper, as though he were about to put his pants on and play the lead in a drawing-room comedy—my physical condition stood as follows: I'd run 20 miles a week for three weeks with an all-time longest run of 8 miles. The question was obvious: What the hell was I doing there? But I had an answer. I was going to run as far as I comfortably could, then catch a ride to the Manhattan side of the 59th Street Bridge—some 16 miles ahead—where Laraine would be waiting. So while other runners crammed their precious pocket space with glucose, salt tablets and aspirin, I took cab fare. For a preposterously unready marathon runner, I was as ready as possible.

There were 2,090 of us on that toll plaza last October. Helicopters hovered

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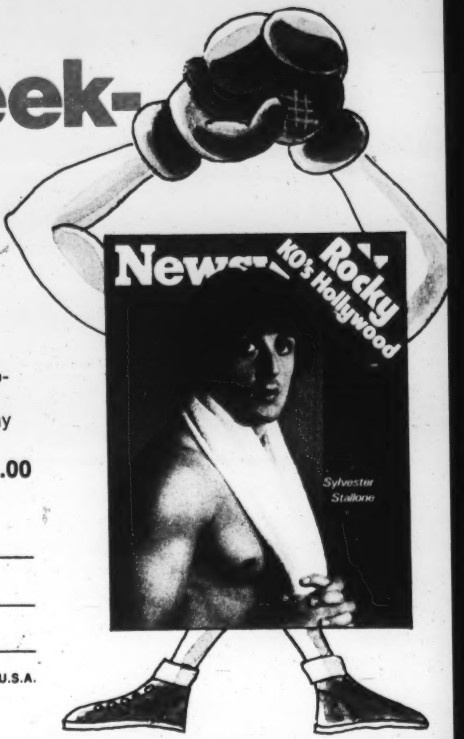

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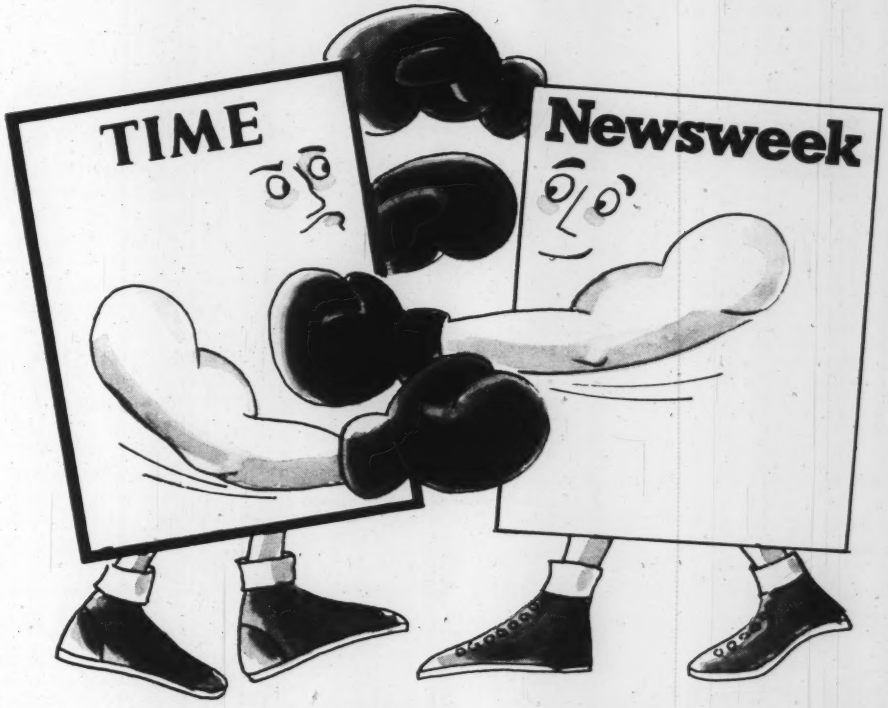

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Rickey: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.

Daisy: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.

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cut

Eng
oz. each
sweet vermouth, brandy,
highball glass. Fill with gin
lemon peel twist.

Pink Gin: Sprinkle several dro
bitters into empty on-the-rocks
bitters around the glass, remov
ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's

Gin & Cola: 1½ ozs. Gordon's
glass over ice cubes. Fill with
of lime.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's
glass filled with ice. Twist
lemon peel. Pour on ginge

TV Special: 1½ ozs. eac
orange juice over ice cu
Fill glass with ginger ale.

Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

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overhead. Newsmen barked into remote microphones. Percy Sutton, Manhattan Borough president and head of the Marathon Committee, stood on the starter's platform and made a short speech I either couldn't hear or didn't listen to. Not that it mattered. About halfway through, the runners began clapping and chanting to the rhythmic, deep-bass thump of the helicopter blades. Everyone else on that toll plaza had devoted months of training and preparation to this event. Now it was Christmas for them and they couldn't wait another moment to unwrap their gift. A sudden rush of sadness washed over me. I wanted to be one of these lean, hard, incredibly self-disciplined people. I was an outsider and I wanted in.

Finally, Percy Sutton fired his gun and the crowd cheered, then surged. The helicopters whooshed ahead, and from the tail end of that enormous celebration, I watched the world's longest suspension bridge slowly fill with 2,000 brightly colored specs of confetti.

Brooklyn loved us. Grown-ups offered orange slices and Gatorade. Kids offered their palms for slapping. Everyone offered applause. I slowed my easy jog to a vigorous crawl in the hope of hanging on to this glory as long as possible. But by the big five-mile sign, a general weariness had already crept into my legs and chest. I stopped at the official refreshment stand near the six-mile mark, took two long pulls of ice water, surveyed the situation. Although tired, I didn't hurt anywhere, so quitting was not a physical imperative. The weather, too, was a plus—a cool day, overcast with rain expected—so even if I did overdo it, there was virtually no chance of heat prostration. I decided to make the next aid station, at the nine-mile mark, my goal. That way, I'd be applauded for three more miles (the primary consideration), run longer than I'd ever run in my life and reduce the cab fare to the 59th Street Bridge by $2.10, plus tip.

Somewhere around Flatbush Avenue, it happened again, that same kite-like feeling of sailing above myself, removed from but not entirely beyond the reach of my accustomed faculties. As the nine-mile aid station floated past my right shoulder, I tried to calculate the distance from there to the 59th Street Bridge: "16 minus 9 equals . . . 9? Let's see, 9 and 9 are . . . what? Not 16. That's 8 and 8; 8 and 10 are 18 . . . But what does that prove? . . . Concentrate . . . 16 take away . . . What did I say? . . . 9? 9 and 9 . . . No, I tried that . . . " Then I began to laugh, forgot the miles, just ran.

On the Pulaski Bridge, a social studies teacher named Tom, who was about to drop out with a sore knee, told me we were halfway home. "You've got it, babe. You're looking great," was his

final comment before peeling off in a stiff-legged shuffle toward a gas station on the Queens side.

I've got it. I'm looking great. Tom's words rolled around in my head as the deserted factories and warehouses of Long Island City slid by in a confusing welter of ramps, railroad crossings and uprooted cobblestones. Then a cop was waving. And more crowds. There was an abrupt incline and suddenly the pot-holed pavement was replaced by a painful latticework of iron mesh. Startled, I peered down through the grating in time to see a row of miniature buildings recede beneath me. Ahead was the East River. I'd made it. I was on the 59th Street Bridge.

Then Laraine was hugging me, toweling down my face and shoulders, helping me into the armholes of an overstuffed ski jacket. But I resisted. The words, "I feel great," bubbled out under their own power.

Laraine confronted my mania soberly. "Are you sure? Think about it. Have some water."

But the coat and towel had already been stuffed back into her unwilling arms. "See you at the finish line," I blurted, and took off.

That was the high point. From then on, the magic began melting away.

A light rain was falling when I entered the East River jogging path at 84th Street. A man with a bucket was handing out orange slices. I stopped, took one, could not get started again.

"Hey, don't die now." A black man, about six-three, slender even for a distance runner, pulled up beside me, introduced himself as "Jimmy," somehow managed to cajole my legs into continued motion. Although he himself appeared on the verge of collapse, Jimmy maintained an absurdly positive attitude. "No way I'm gonna stop," he kept repeating. "Say that for yourself."

"No way I'm gonna stop," I murmured in a tone so pathetically devoid of conviction it lacked only a question mark.

Curling down off the walkway at 90th Street, we passed the 18-mile mark, which cheered me considerably. "Hey, only six miles to go," I told Jimmy. "We *are* gonna make it. No way we can't run six miles."

Jimmy turned to me and for the first time wore an expression of less-than-perfect confidence in my powers. "*Eight* miles to go," he said. "Eight miles, 385 yards. Eight and eighteen is twenty-six."

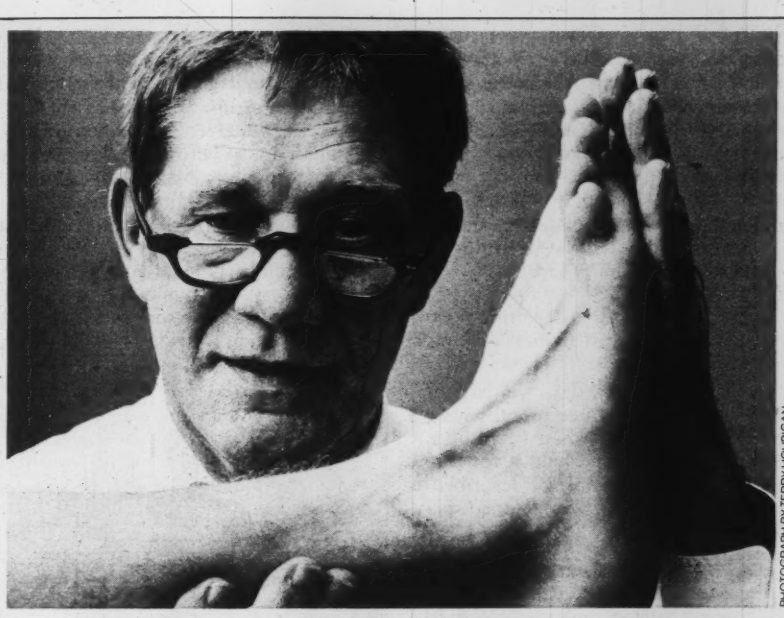
This time I didn't laugh.

We passed the 20-mile mark on the entrance ramp to the Willis Avenue Bridge. It was only a brief incline, but when I reached the top of it, a field of large black polka dots was covering the place where the road and sky should have been. I staggered, grasped for a handrail, missed it, but somehow righted myself anyway. A few more steps and I began weaving crazily, no longer able to project my body in a straight line. Then the weaving degenerated into a complete circle. From a state of semiconsciousness, I visualized a biplane spinning out in one of those old World War I movies. "That's what I'm doing," I thought. "I'm spinning out." After prescribing several ever-tightening right-hand loops, I fell.

But still I thought, somehow, I would finish the race. After all, now there really were only six miles to go. And I could run six miles any day. I scrambled, but could not get up. Then panic set in. I flailed wildly, twisted and flapped like a fish, but only my arms and upper body were moving. My legs, numb and now totally unresponsive to all urgings of the will, were splayed out around me like the flaccid appendages of a rag doll. I stopped struggling, let go, began to cry.

When the polka dots cleared, Jimmy and a race official were tugging at my elbows. Then Jimmy was gone.

The official drove me to the finish line, and when I got out of his car my



PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY HOURIGAN

If joggers and runners have a Lourdes, it is Dr. Richard Schuster's tiny office in College Point, Queens, New York. They come from all over the country with their limps and lumps, their tortured ligaments and splintered shins, seeking relief, even miracles.

The ritual is always the same: a nervous wait in Schuster's outer office, thumbing through ads for newer and better track shoes, and then the hushed, humbling audience with the good doctor himself. Street shoes are slipped off, and the sepulchre-white feet are offered up and accepted, measured and manipulated. Over the course of half an hour, no less than 40 tests are made on *each* foot. There are no bleeping lights or X-ray scanners; Schuster works with carpenter's tools, rulers and levels, and a gift of the grope around the ankle, heel and toe. Every foot has a number of planes and angles, and Schuster's data determine how much each angle is off perfect balance. Once his measurements are taken, a grease mold is made of each foot, and then a plaster mold.

Using his data and his stand-in feet, the podiatrist then fashions his own *deus ex machina*—small, pillow-like insert pads for track shoes, made from leather and rubber, and occasionally from plastics. These magical orthotics are meant to compensate for some weak tendon or muscle, or to even up for a leg shortage.

The popularity of Schuster's pads has roughly paralleled the remarkable rise of running as both a sport and a hobby—more than half of all serious runners every year suffer from some kind of injury. Schuster, 61, has taken the onslaught of customers in his stride. "Runners are great," he says, meaning they are a little crazy. "I've never met a runner who was satisfied with what they were doing. The sweetest, most non-competitive runner at the back of the pack—he still wants to finish first. Once a marathon runner is beyond 19 miles, they don't know what they're running on anymore. Everything is used up—they're running on something they don't have. Runners, a lot of them, don't look so youthful—they have a beautiful shape, but their skin is old, they're gaunt. They look like they're ready to fall over."

—Richard Turner

legs seemed to be working pretty well again. So I sauntered over to where Laraine was peering down the homestretch, anxiously awaiting my arrival. I stared out over her shoulder for a moment, perhaps hoping that I *would* arrive. "Hi," I finally said.

She was at first startled, then apologetic for having missed my finish.

"You didn't miss me. I dropped out back at the 20-mile mark."

"Are you OK?"

"Sure. I was just getting a little tired, you know, so I figured why push myself, right?"

The next three days were a general agony. The next three months were a specific agony. Just when I had hit my third wind—hit it and held it for a ten-mile stretch that can only be described as a weird amalgam of being stoned, playing in the World Series and undergoing a profound Zazen meditation—it suddenly looked as though I would never run again. On the Thursday after the marathon, the minor triumph of climbing an entire flight of stairs without once issuing a sound that Marlin Perkins might mistake for the mating cry of the North Canadian Musk Ox was more than offset by the appearance of a golf-ball-size protuberance just above and slightly to the inside of my left heel.

Weeks passed, but the golf ball remained. Walking didn't seem to bother it, but every time I ran, it swelled further and pain leapt like lightning between the back of the heel and the front of the shin.

In January, a Park Avenue orthopedist diagnosed my golf ball as chronic, posterior tibial tendonitis. The treatment: take up shuffleboard.

The next few weeks were spent skulking around bookstores, pouring over the "Injuries" chapter of every sports book I could find. But the only ankle problems anyone seemed to mention were sprains, breaks and Achilles tendonitis. After that, they all proceded directly to the knee. Then I met Chris Steinmetz, an editor who happened to mention, during a casual business lunch, that her husband Charlie was both a physician and marathon runner. So I happened to mention—if mention is the proper word for a 45-minute harangue that left her eyes rolling, her fingers tearing the crust from the bread and her mind wondering how someone who seems so normal on the printed page can, in person, turn out to be such a brutally obnoxious bore—my ankle injury.

When finally given the chance to speak, Chris said her husband had been having ankle problems no orthopedist could cure, but a podiatrist in Queens who specializes in runners' injuries had helped him a lot.

Being your average medical snob, I recoiled at the mere word "podiatrist." To me, a podiatrist's niche in the medical hierarchy fell significantly below midwife, and only slightly above witch doctor. But Charlie Steinmetz was a real M.D. and he'd gone to this guy. And lived to run again. So why not try him? Hell, I'd all but given up on finding a running midwife, so before checking out my first witch doctor, I called Dr. Richard Schuster of College Point, Queens.

Apparently, Dr. Schuster doesn't believe in blowing a lot of money on rent. His office is located roughly midway between a slum and a swamp. And although he sees thousands of patients a year, his waiting room is no larger than a walk-in closet.

I showed Dr. Schuster my golf

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS

ball and related the orthopedist's diagnosis. First he listened, his dense, bricklike frame almost obscuring the spindly wooden chair he'd mounted sidesaddle. Then he began asking questions in the blunt, but not unfriendly style of a man who wishes to get the boring part over with as quickly as possible. Then he examined my shoes. Then he examined me.

Every inch of my lower extremities was scrutinized, every angle protracted, every joint measured over its full range of motion. The verdict: my left leg was half an inch longer than my right, I was knock-kneed, had an unstable left heel and an extremely tight right calf. I said it sounded like I needed a civil engineer, but Dr. Schuster assured me my case was not that unusual. The prescription: orthotics, custom-made inserts for my running shoes that would compensate for what seemed such a plethora of crippling deformities that I felt I needed only a pillow between my shoulders to play Quasimodo.

I left his office that bleak winter afternoon truly liking the man, this gruff outsider who lived by a swamp. He seemed a loner—independent, creative, deeply immersed in the arcane minutiae of his discipline for its own sake, for some internal beauty to which he alone, in the private hours of his research, was witness. I may not have had much confidence that Dr. Schuster would succeed where my Park Avenue orthopedist had not, but one observation was inescapable: Dr. Richard Schuster was born to be played by Robert Shaw. And that alone gave me hope.

A week passed. Then one February night I returned from a Knick game to find a UPS parcel waiting for me. My feet had arrived.

I immediately jammed the clumsy, leather-and-cork contraptions into my running shoes and began clomping around the apartment. The first impression was not promising. Both orthotics were rounded so steeply at the arch—the right one much more so than the left—that I felt all the comfort and stability of walking on an unmatched pair of barrels.

"How do they feel?" Laraine inquired as I lurched down the straightaway between bedroom and entrance hall.

"It's hard to tell."

"That bad, huh?"

Worse. After less than a dozen 18-foot wind sprints, my feet were killing me. But the next morning, when I actually ran on the things, they felt terrific; as though knees and hips and ankles had suddenly been liberated to whirl through the arcs and circles they'd been designed to prescribe. I ran three miles that morning, four the next, five the next. And the left ankle, though still swollen, felt perfect. But now my right knee was hurting. So I called Schuster.

"Good . . . good . . . sounds good," he repeated tersely as I related the lurid details of my new injury. "Now that your right leg is as long as your left, it'll have to get used to sharing the load. That knee should hurt for three more days, then start getting better."

Three days later, the pain in my knee began to subside. Within a week it had vanished. And Dr. Richard Schuster joined Willie Mays, William Shakespeare and Woody Allen in my personal pantheon of superheroes.

By March, I was running more than 40 miles a week and at least brushing up against that third wind every time out. So I exhumed my old racing schedule, scanning the list of spring events with the carnivorous eye of a tiger surveying a herd of antelope. And then I found it. May 22, 1977: the Yonkers Marathon. On that day, I would officially join the select group of athletes I'd first seen on the Verrazano Bridge toll plaza the previous October. On May 22, I would become a marathon runner.

The changes marathon training effect on one's life are small, but cumulative. And in the end, your body, your career and your social life are utterly transformed. The physical changes are easiest to record.

I was thin when I started running—5 foot-11½, 147 pounds—so I didn't expect much change there.

Wrong. Between February and late May I lost seven pounds. My waist shrunk from 32 to 28, my chest from 36 to 34 and my hips from 37 to 34. Suddenly, I was living in the body of another person. I hoped he was a marathon runner.

The changes in lifestyle included: getting up an hour earlier every morning; going to bed two hours earlier every night, including Saturday; never scheduling a business appointment before 10 a.m.; never staying at a downtown hotel that isn't adjacent to a park or trail; planning future vacations around major out-of-town races; fanatically eliminating all fatty foods from my diet; giving up cigars and pipes and severely—well, somewhat severely, nobody's perfect—curtailing my intake of canabis sativa.

But don't believe for a moment that any of the above deprivations ever elicited even the slightest feeling of sacrifice. On the contrary. The most insidious aspect of marathon training is the willingness, even eagerness, with which the runner learns to renounce any luxury that might reduce his speed or erode his wind. For example, I have never regretted turning down that beautiful apartment on University Place. How could I ever have enjoyed it, always knowing that tomorrow morning I'd have no place to run? So no matter how spartan the runner's life becomes, he himself never suffers a sense of loss. Only those around him suffer.

The Monday before the Yonkers Marathon I slept through two hours of beeping snooze alarm, then barely managed to drag myself over five miles of roadwork. You know you're in trouble when a kid on a plastic tricycle, after blowing past you, leans back over his shoulder to taunt, "Hey mister, you're slo-o-o-w."

The self-diagnosis was a summer flu. And that wasn't my only problem. The long-term forecast for the Yonkers weekend was hot and humid, with temperatures in the low nineties. My next five days were about equally divided between flurries of intense activity—taking my temperature, calling the weather bureau, gulping down vitamin C—and long, vegetative funks. On Friday the flu broke, and with my mental state no longer flickering between paranoid schizophrenia and broccoli au gratin, I was able to arrive at a sober, mature, eminently sensible decision: On Sunday, if the temperature and humidity were both under eighty, I'd run. If not, I'd wait until fall.

Sunday, 8 a.m. 936-1212. "Current midtown temperature, 76 degrees. The forecast for today: hot, hazy and humid, high in the low nineties . . . "

I spent the next hour reading the paper, saying nothing. Laraine didn't have to ask. Then it hit me. "Wait a minute. That was the *midtown* forecast. The race is in Yonkers, at least five miles north of Manhattan. I'll bet they've got totally different weather up there. Probably one of those arctic air masses."

914-936-1212. "Current White Plains temperature, 74 degrees. The forecast for today: hot, hazy and humid, high in the upper eighties . . . "

"I knew it. It's gonna be a lot cooler up there. Let's go."

I was thinking of only one thing when the gun went off: Go slowly. Keep holding back. In that heat and with the brutal hills the Yonkers race is so famous for, I decided to pace myself at about a 4:10 marathon, nine to nine and a half minutes per mile. I knew I was a little overexcited when Charlie Steinmetz, who was coming off a 3:19 performance at Boston, turned up *behind* me after the first mile. But then I settled down, established myself comfortably in the rear quarter of the pack.

The rest of the race seems oddly unfocused, a collection of disjointed, but vividly perceived vignettes.

A plump woman in a green housedress standing behind a picket fence hosing down the runners as they passed.

An endless expanse of bone-white pavement under a terrifyingly bright sun, punctuated by a water station that had just run dry. "The kids are getting more from the creek if you wanna wait," said a man in Bermuda shorts.

A water station along the North Tarrytown reservoir at which a pretty girl was dispensing cups filled with equal measures of grass and water. I wolfed down the grass while the water trickled over my chin.

The halfway mark: a boy sitting on the hood of a car shouting, "2:04:10 . . . 2:04:15 . . . 2:04:20 . . . "

Coming down a long hill onto Route 9 and feeling myself pick up speed.

Beginning to pass a few runners as the afternoon shade spread over the highway.

Meeting Pete Canning at the 18-mile mark. Pete was walking, head bowed, yellow headband drooping down around his eyes. Upon seeing me, he began running again, explained that he'd started too fast, gotten sick, given up. But as long as I ran, he ran.

Going the final eight miles stride for stride with Pete and joining hands as we crossed the finiah line. Time: 3:57:38. Place: 196th out of 416.

The euphoria was everything I'd hoped it would be. I felt confirmed in an almost religious sense. My absurd monomania had been justified. Today I was a man.

Early summer was spent on relatively trivial matters: a career change and a move—to an apartment almost as nice as the one on University Place and only a block away from the East River jogging path. But it late August, it was time to get serious again. The New York City Marathon was coming up and the ten-week superconditioning schedule I'd laid out for myself was about to begin when a feeling of numbness and instability began to spread ominously across the outside of my right leg. Then, during an easy five-and-a-half-mile jog, the entire knee collapsed.

I called Schuster.

"Sounds mechanical," he said. "Send me your right orthotic and we'll try an adjustment."

"What do you mean, 'try?' I thought I was all fixed up. Didn't you tell me with those inserts I'd never get hurt again?"

"No. I've never told anyone that."

"Then why do I think you did?"

"Because you're a runner. Runners are crazy."

"You mean what happened to me after the New York Marathon last year, that tendonitis, things like that are going to keep on happening forever?"

"Look, the human body just wasn't designed to run fifty or a hundred miles a week. As long as people do it, there are going to be breakdowns."

"I see."

"Now send me your right orthotic and we'll try that adjustment, OK?"

"OK."

When Laraine returned to a kitchen sink littered with ice packs, she didn't have to ask what happened, but I told her anyway.

"What did Schuster say?"

"He said my inserts needed a small adjustment. But after that, I'd never be injured again." ●

An Old Dog Gets New Teeth

KEITH RICHARD SOUL SURVIVOR

By Patrick Carr

More than any others among the old rock hierarchy, the Rolling Stones always seemed self-explanatory, to have a fixed and simple identity. They were exotic, but not mysterious. Like dogs, they barked, showed their parts around humans, and were as lovable and as frightening as their breed, the terrior *Transylvanius Musicalus*—they hung on where all others lost their grip, were frequently aggressive if not downright demonic, and had a good ear. They snapped around us and wouldn't leave us alone; while others marvelled at the old wonders of love, the new dazzle of drugs and the easy fire of revolution, the Stones kept our noses in the dirt on these issues, scoring the scenes of our movie in which we both bellied up and admitted to tremors in our Force. They addressed the matters of violence and the wish to strut and roll in the goo, and they also demonstrated, with a long string of busts and mishaps, that when you bark you get kicked. They stood and sang for the contention that it is, after all, a dog's life.

Mick Jagger and Keith Richard are the Stones, of course—Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts are the rhythm section, Brian Jones is dead, and Ronnie Wood is new, so they are the main dogs, the men responsible for both the vision and the image.

They are a combo, those two: Mick is the spokesman, the public leader, the clown, the sneering big brother spinning down the road with an arch smile, a crafty old dog not easily understood or even seen behind his smokescreen of superior decadence and strange desires. Mick seems like a born survivor—he gives as good as he gets—but Keith is another story. He is a purer archetype than Jagger, for he is the eternal punk, the sullen kid who only wants to play rock 'n' roll and be left alone by the squares. In this guise he is almost impossibly hip—he is mentioned in the same breath as Rimbaud and Johnny Ace by Patti Smith—but he has grown to be something else, too. Like all punks, who by definition are doomed to painful failure in the grown-up world, he seems to have been damaged badly by the onset of age. It seems like a miracle that this legendarily dissipated scarecrow, only just here in his gypsy leathers, sunken cheeks and skin that looks like stubbled leather, can still keep the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band so tight that it sounds screwed to the floor. How does he do it?

When he was busted for possession of heroin in Toronto earlier this year (he is still awaiting trial, and is on some sort of rehabilitation program about which we aren't supposed to ask), it was hardly a surprise. It merely intensified the game we play around him. How long does Keith have left? Can Keith talk? How much does a skin transplant cost? Cracking jokes about bionic rock 'n' rollers and fancying that we all have a streak of something as wild as Keith in us, we carry out this very hip and often quite satisfying ritual of mortuary fascination. Keith is an old dog, too, and for years it has looked as if he has been about to pay the ultimate penalty for running free.

The Stones, having issued forth a new album, are "doing publicity," and so it is that I find myself with Keith, who has just done *Rolling Stone* and is about to do Australian radio, in a nice modern office at Rolling Stones Records.

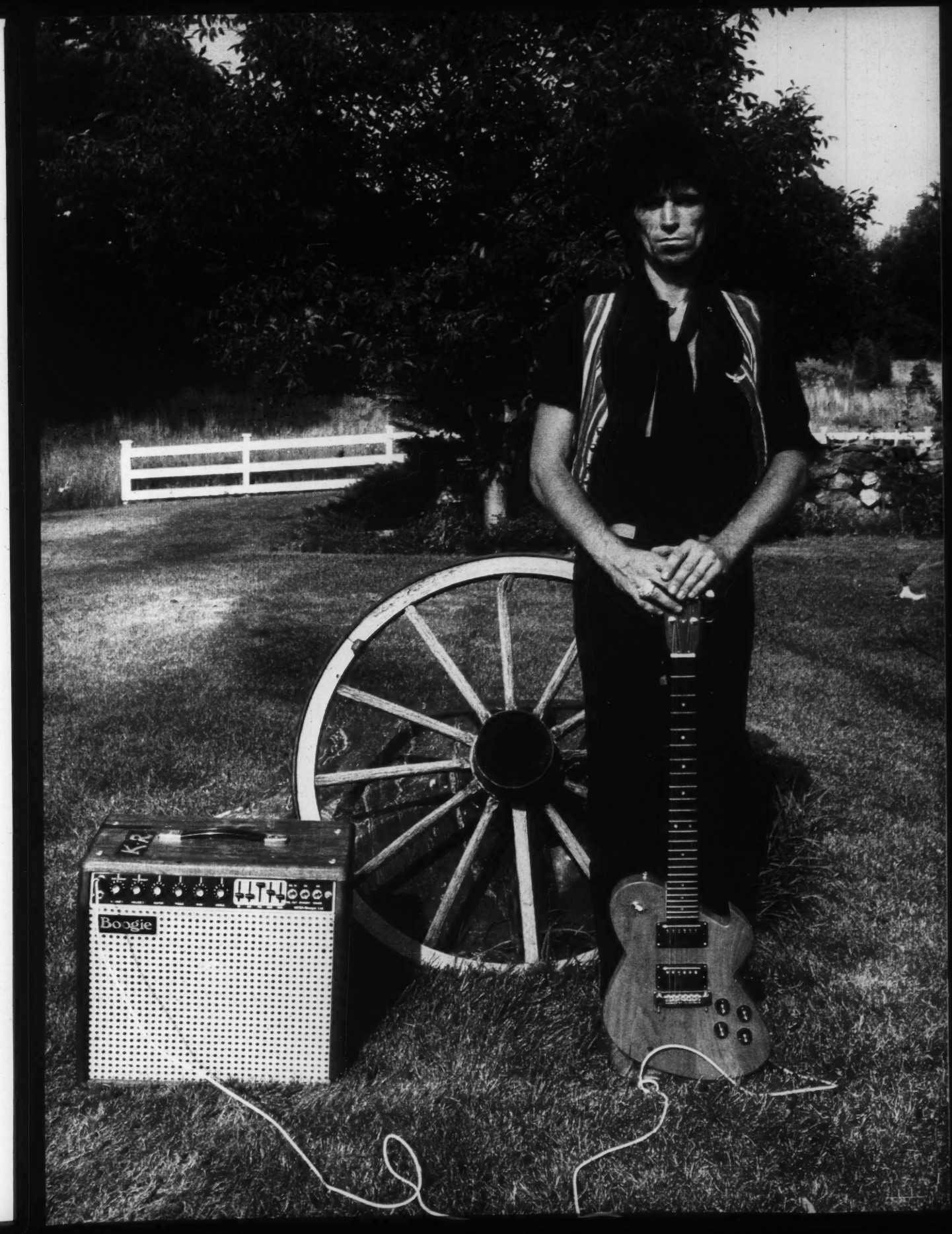
Ushered into his presence, I am immediately surprised. Keith's hair is healthy-looking, and his outstandingly awful teeth are now whitish and evenly aligned. In short, he looks almost normal. This shakes me up, but no matter: the easy questions come first.

Does he, for instance, like the album? Yes, he says, he is very tired of having to listen to it and is concerned to find out how it comes across on a cheap radio, but to him it sounds like a band that really works well together, and in this respect it is better than *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out*. Ronnie Wood, he feels, is a great help; he and Woody get along well, hang out together. On the other hand, the Stones just don't assemble to play often enough, and he finds this frustrating.

Moving right along (this is a breeze; nothing much of real interest yet but thank God he's talking. This drug rehabilitation stuff must be *good*), we continue in the musical vein. What, for instance, are Keith's preferences these days? Does he like disco? No, he doesn't. It has "this General Motors feel" about it, provides high-paying lazy work for musicians too good to waste their talents on it, and furthermore its general blandness might just be caused by what Keith sees as a diminishing need for a separate culture on the part of American blacks. (It was, of course, the blues which first snared this English boy into music.) Reggae, on the other hand, is mostly marvelous. As for English punk rock, Keith hasn't heard enough of its recent development to form an opinion (though he didn't like the first wave of records), but—chuckling slightly on this one—he thinks it's been very useful in getting Fleet Street out of the pubs.

At this point I am beginning to feel severe disorientation. I discern a strange familiarity, not at all expected, to this event. Keith is talking rationally and at length on each subject raised, and is being of all things, extremely British. I feel like I'm waiting for a Number Nine bus to Dartford with him. I ask him about the Queen's Silver Jubilee—catch any of that, Keith?—and he responds with a 12-minute statement about how England's real problem is the mass egress of professional people (tax exile rock 'n' rollers like himself being merely the tip of the iceberg that will sink Britannia), and no tourist hustle is about to cure *that* one. I am paraphrasing, of course; this is a large and complicated subject and Keith pays it its due. There

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PUTLAND


KR
Boogie

are long pauses while he considers his words; his voice is measured, cultured, the South London accent very faint.

This is all very nice, but the clock is ticking and I want to know how he gets *by*, dammit. I want to know *all* of it. What substances form Keith's arsenal? What peculiar elements keep him alive? Who killed Brian Jones? I did not leave the pub for reflections on an Imperial past and the rights of immigrants in the U.K., now did I? Talk to me, rock 'n' roll. There has to be *something* canine about this chap. Don't ask, England replies.

A compromise is reached inside me, and I ask, Britishly, "When you stay up for three or four nights and days at a time, Keith, are you careful about, say, eating right?"

"Right. Sure," Keith replies, then explains about the staying up for three or four days. "It's a matter of a sort of obsessiveness of interest in something. When you start something you tend to want to see it through for three or four days. Woody and I often spend three days working on a song, just because we know that if we sleep or create a gap in that process before it's finished, it won't come out in the same way.... There's generally a reason or a point for it if we do something like that. I mean, it isn't like . . . I don't do it just for pleasure, although it's something I often find quite pleasurable when I'm doing it, especially if something comes out of it at the end. Although you do find that after two days or something the reasons don't tend to matter any more and you just keep going until you, er . . . Yes, you're right, you have to make sure that you eat. You have to be sure that even if you're up for three or four days you still can rest. It's just a matter of not particularly *sleeping*."

"That all said," I ask, getting warm, "do you ever worry about physical breakdown?"

"No. No, I don't. I don't ever think about it," he says. *He's from Mars*, I think.

He continues: "I'm incredibly lucky in having a very strong constitution. I never spent a day in hospital in my life. Nothing has ever broken down. I have a very instinctive, er, relationship with my body. I'm built that way. I'm very lucky. An incredible amount of people aren't really in top shape, but I was always, er . . . for that I'm really very thankful. More and more so every year, because I would hate to have to worry about that, especially after all those years of *not* worrying about it."

I am sorely tempted to ask what effect heroin had on this happy syndrome, but publicists all down the line have nixed heroin questions and I'm not keen on law suits. I read in *Circus* magazine, however, that he had begun to find smack too introverting and was glad that it came to a head with the Toronto bust, but otherwise it wasn't a problem.

Now, though, I'm wondering about coke, Quaaludes, speed, hash, nitrous oxide, methadone, amyl nitrate, etc., but Britishness takes over again and I ask instead about booze. Keith replies that although he really enjoys getting drunk, and did so every night while Bobby Keyes ("He was a great drinker") was in the band, it isn't a problem with him. "I can stop any time I want to," he says. He does, however, think that it's terrible about young kids getting into the booze. "That's one of the worst things about our concerts," he says, "all these drunk kids."

I don't believe this is actually happening, but now I ask him if he'd do an anti-booze commercial if someone asked him. He says no, he doesn't think it would have any effect, and besides, who is he to judge?

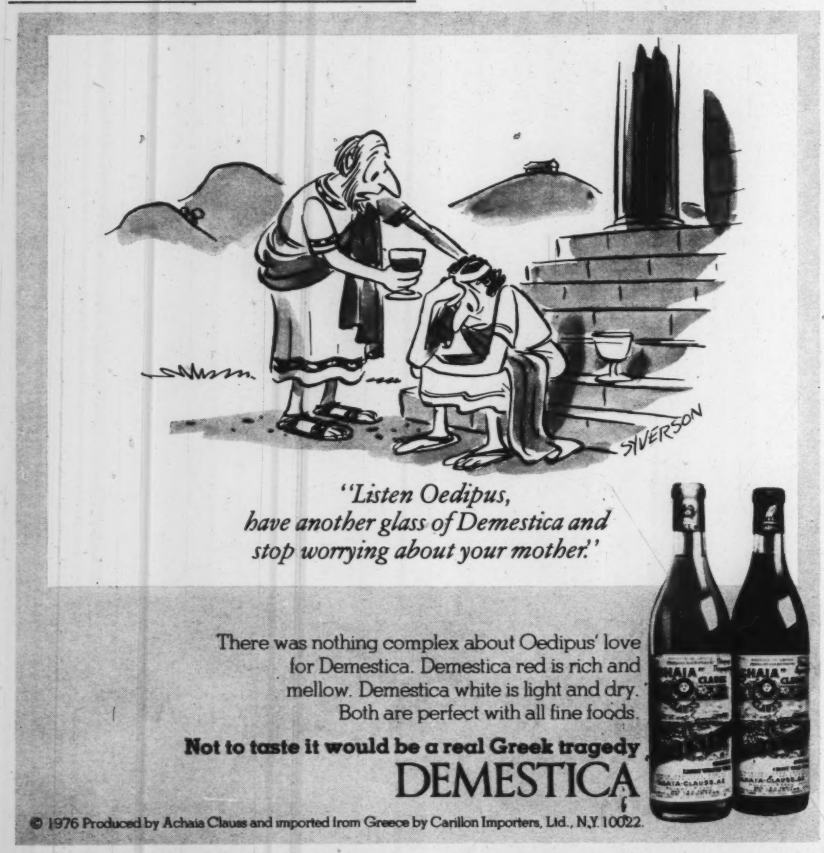
Confronting the obvious, I mention that there is a large—very large—divergence between the Keith Richard we have all known this past decade or more and the responsible young man before me. I assume that the one before me is the real one, and ask him how this one feels about the other's sleazy reputation. He points out that at large in the world are certain images in search of a character to carry them around. His, he says, is the "Would you let your daughter marry one?" image; always was and ever will be. Personally, I'm beginning to think that it's all because he doesn't shave or wash his hair when he stays up for his three or four days, a goodly number of which are spent in the public eye. While this sounds insane, it may actually be true. Jesus. Fancy that.

Well now, I guess it's time to ask about the family. How's Marlon?

Well, Marlon is eight now, and Keith says he's getting big enough to push his old man around. He adds that a lot of people think that nobody does or says anything significant until they're 21, but *he* thinks that kids have a lot to say. Must be a good parent, I think.

Where's he living these days, I ask. Westchester County, he says. Servants? No, just a friend who drives Marlon around and "a couple of chicks who come in every other day and clean." He doesn't like servants in the house; can't roam around without your trousers on when there are servants present. He says that Bill and Charlie live in France because it's the closest place to England, and (unlike himself, who learned with Marlon) refuse to speak French. He does a nice impersonation of Bill and/or Charlie trying to get "some old French crone" to sweep up in English. "Broom, broom!" he says, gesturing for the first time since I walked in.

Patrick Carr once worked as a bouncer for the Rolling Stones.



"Listen Oedipus, have another glass of Demestica and stop worrying about your mother."

There was nothing complex about Oedipus' love for Demestica. Demestica red is rich and mellow. Demestica white is light and dry. Both are perfect with all fine foods.

Not to taste it would be a real Greek tragedy

DEMESTICA

© 1976 Produced by Achaia Clauss and imported from Greece by Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022.

I find myself unable to ask further questions about the home, but for once it seems that *Us* magazine got it right. I quote: "On an average day, Keith writes songs ('It's just something I do, like having breakfast'), pores over schedules for upcoming Stones projects, and putters around the house while reggae music thumps through the rooms. As for Anita . . ." 'Nuff said. We don't really need to go into the pert blond wife.

But what of the mind? Does Keith read? Yes, Keith reads—"autobiographies, philosophies, junk novels, history books, Sherlock Holmes, anything really. There's still a lot of things I want to know." He is currently slightly upset that with all this interviewing and stuff, he can't find the time to get out around New York's dazzling selection of museums. History, he says, is his favorite subject.

Getting desperate, I ask if he has ever been to a shrink. No, he says; he has some shrink friends and they're more neurotic than anyone. All you really need are some good friends to tell it to, unless you have any really serious problems. He doesn't.

Well, try again. "What really *gets* to you, Keith? Y'know, what can really tear you up?"

"Er . . . diptheria?" he says. He adds that when he was young, he used to get very upset about racial discrimination, but when he got around the world a bit and found that everyone discriminates against somebody or other, he stopped getting pissed off. "I have a fatalistic view of it all," he says.

Those are the last words on the tape. I am impressed. It's been ages since I talked with an English liberal.

We are now at a Rolling Stones press party held in Trax, a New York club where rock 'n' rollers go to be exclusive. We have been here an hour or so, watching Stones movies on the Advents and stealing souvenirs depicting the Stones biting flesh in various media, when the boys themselves arrive.

First comes Mick. He looks as if he melted a week ago and hasn't quite set yet. Everything slopes to his mouth, which gapes cavernously, those satanically majestic mackerel lips working around it like anemic old tires. Mick gets into his seat, a slow and seemingly complicated maneuver, all the while doing loud impressions of Eric Idle, who is sitting at the table. Then Keith and Woody arrive through the back door. Keith, strutting on high heels with his hands thrust punklike into the back pockets of his tight-tight jeans and grinning from ear to ear, looks to be back in his public persona. If he and Jagger were race horses, I'd bet on Keith. His hair is dirty and he hasn't shaved. It has been two days since I talked to him, and during that time, Woody arrived in town.●

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On Chuck's fourth album for A&M, "Feels So Good," Mangione along with his new musical family, Chris Vadala, Charles Meeks, Grant Geissman, James Bradley, Jr. and Mick Guzauski show their love for each other in music. And that's what makes it feel so good.

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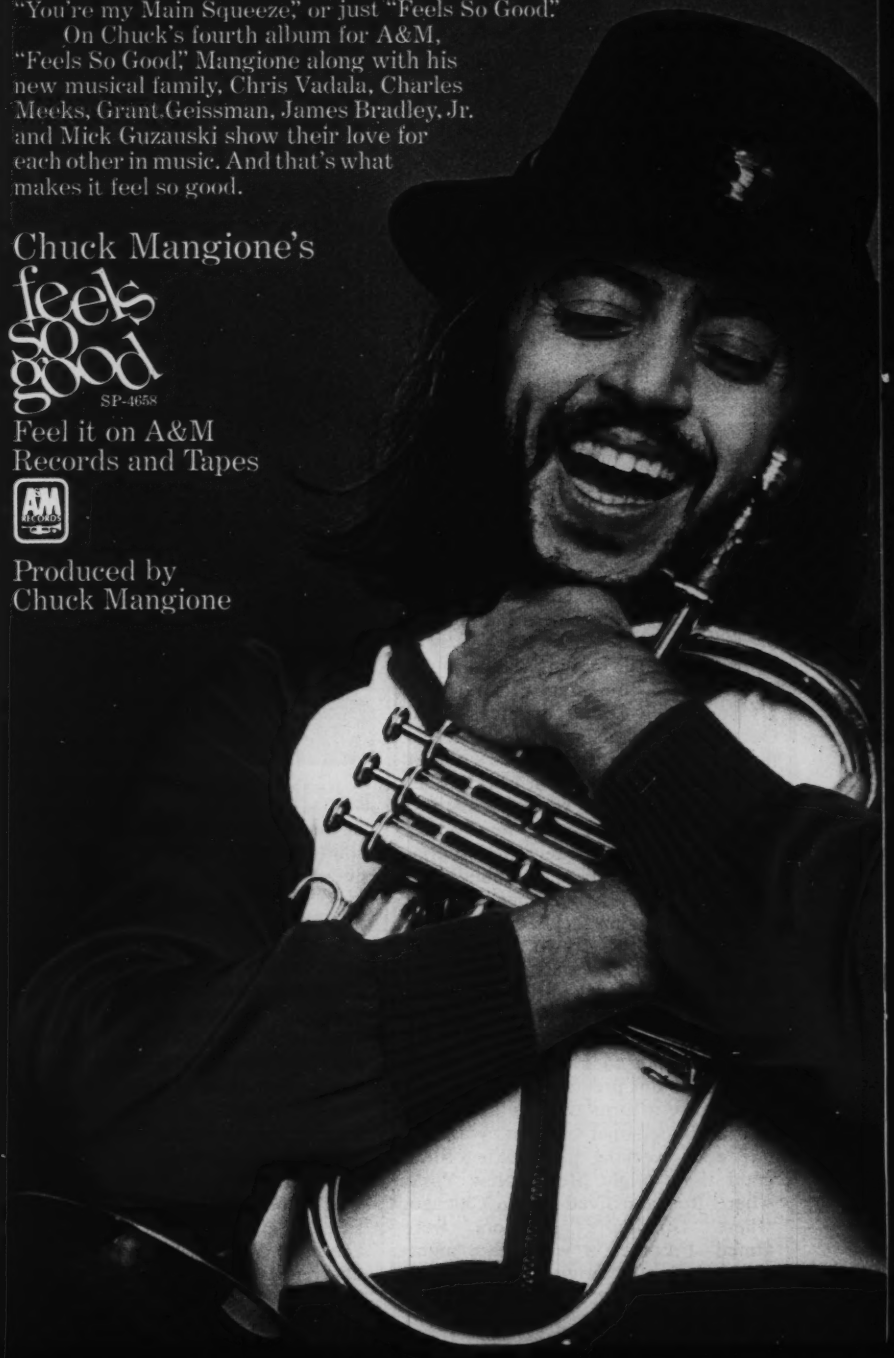

Movies / by Richard Corliss

A Morality Tale for Man-haters

Grisly murders have a popular fascination that goes beyond the sensational. They strike a double chord: we see ourselves as potential victims; we see the occasional friend, acquaintance, man in the doorway, as a potential killer. We examine the musty recesses of the human soul—and make generalizations. Charles Manson is the demon apotheosis of the California guru; Charlie Starkweather is the rebel without a cause; David Berkowitz is the Dostoevskian introvert. It can be a reckless business to generalize (except, of course, in lead paragraphs of movie reviews), especially when the result is a neat Freudian explanation for every kink of personality, every unique emotional enigma.

"No one ever really knows anybody," says Richard Brooks, "no matter how long you've known them. . . . You don't know what they're thinking about, what they're feeling. You never really know." A defensible statement, but an odd one coming from the screenwriter and director of **Looking for Mr. Goodbar**, a movie based on the Judith Rossner novel, which in turn was based on the unhappy life and pathetic death of Roseann Quinn. Like his adaptation of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, Brooks' *Goodbar* refracts a "senseless" crime (here the murder of a 28-year-old school teacher by a young drifter she met in a bar) through a surrealist documentary prism to Tell Us Something About Ourselves—And Our Times. Brooks means his two films, I'd guess, to function as a pair of antipodal bookends to our last decade, the one that took us from Vietnam to Son of Sam. The Clutter family was simply a group of innocent victims chosen at random by a couple of congenial, congenital crazies; but Theresa Dunn (as Roseann Quinn is called in the book and movie) seems drawn magnetically to her executioner as she cruises the nighttown bars in search of the apocalyptic orgasm, and toward her final orgasmic deliverance.

I'd like to see a good movie made from this premise. *Goodbar* isn't it, because it turns the city after dark into an impersonal conspiracy against one poor working girl looking for a good time. Night life in New York, where Roseann lived—or in Chicago, where *Goodbar*'s exteriors were filmed—becomes a wet-dream nightmare of X-rated movies, massage parlors, nasty hookers, coke-pushers and homicidal studs. Every man Theresa meets is a schmuck or a prick. Her first lover (Alan Feinstein) is an insufferable, condescending English teacher who "just can't stand a woman's company right after I've fucked her," and who dumps Theresa at the end of the term. Her most successful lay (Richard Gere) is your standard Viet-vet psychopath, a hoodlum cocksman who convinces her that dangerous sex is the only good sex, and who is given to

Keaton: an unquenchable thirst

threatening her by running around her apartment in a jockstrap and wielding a pocketknife with a laser blade that looks like something left over from *Star Wars*.

And what does Brooks suggest as an opposing moral force? A sodden, tyrannical father (Richard Kiley) who sees the curved spine Fate threw Theresa as some divine judgment, and who lays down impossible rules of behavior that drive Theresa out of her family's home and into the night; an adoring ex-seminarian (William Atherton) with pathological undertones who demonstrates his love for Theresa by waiting ominously in a parked car outside her apartment; and a glitzy sister (Tuesday Weld) who has backed into degeneracy, who knows everything about Pills but nothing about The Pill, and whose idea of a cute joke is to send her boyfriend lurching into Theresa's room pretending to be a mugger—a week after Roseann has been assaulted. It can be a purging experience, having a family out of Odets, O'Neill and Orestes; with friends like these, who needs enemas? The sensible, joyful middle ground is utterly excluded. Brooks proposes only two solutions to the riddle of achieving pleasure: suppress the urge, and never live; or surrender to it, and end up dead.

Diane Keaton might seem a strange choice to play Theresa, the dogged adventurer in search of good sex. As the apotheosis of that first generation of humans who, educated by television, have learned to speak while grinning from ear to ear, Keaton could be expected to jar as the tortured homebody-turned-hedonist; *sturm und drang* could too easily turn into la-di-dah. But in her movies with Woody Allen she has projected a character (very close to her own, one is led to believe) that acts simultaneously as a Jamesian innocent in a fucked-up world and as the Prom Queen of the flaky seventies—all-American wide-eyed wholesomeness somehow gone askew. It's as if she's seen that to be accepted today is to be neurotic, and so she's shopped about for nervous mannerisms, clothed herself in hang-ups as suburban women do in tennis briefs. Brooks must have seen that the Keaton persona could go two ways: fantasy love as Annie Hall, tragedy sex as Theresa Dunn. And Keaton responded to her director's trust with a remarkably rounded, assured, grown-up performance.

But the strength of that performance—which is also the great strength of *Goodbar*—makes the movie less demanding, less troubling, than it might have been. Diane Keaton is just too lovely, fresh, huggable to be taken advantage of by such creeps. A girl who looked as good as she does would be taken advantage of by much more high-class creeps; she might even be taken to heart by someone as fascinating as Woody Allen—or you, or me. If *Goodbar* is a hit, it will be because millions of men respond to the sweet vulnerability and promise of Keaton's Theresa the way they did on hearing of Marilyn Monroe's death: if only she'd met *me*! I'd have understood her, com-

forted her, taken her to string-quartet recitals and marvelous undiscovered restaurants, been a friend in need, loved her as a person, helped her love herself. The beautiful woman alone on a pedestal, like Marilyn—or under one, like Theresa—appeals to the protective, courtly-love side of men, and to the masochistic side of women. *Goodbar* exploits that appeal. It's the perfect semisick wish-fulfillment movie for this strange decade.

At every opportunity, Brooks loads the snake-eyes against Theresa. She goes to a bar to read a book (go figure) and meets her sadistic hoodlum; she goes into a bathroom and gets held up to buy cocaine; she takes, in all innocence, a Quaalude to come down from her coke high, and oversleeps—in retribution for which her schoolkids turn into hooligans and she discovers that her father may have cancer; on New Year's Eve she swears, "This is it, my last night cruising bars," and she meets her ultimate Mr. Badbar. Granted, life ain't easy for a single girl in the big city, but some of these plagues were missing from Rossner's novel. They seem straight out of the Book of Job.

In real life, as reported by Lacey Fosburgh in a memorable *New Times* article, "Finding Mr. Goodbar" (October 17, 1975), the story was creepier, and more poetic. Fosburgh's narrative cuts back and forth, Capote-like, between Roseann and her murderer, a sensitive boy with a macho name he could never live up to—John Wayne Wilson—and follows their early lives as they move on parallel, then converging, tracks toward a common tragedy. Dalton Trumbo's famous phrase about the Hollywood blacklist applies to Fosburgh's story: there were no heroes or villains—only victims. After John Wayne had killed Roseann (a scene Brooks turns into a flickering porno film, and a comment on one), he was finally able to achieve an erection—and to fulfill, in Roseann's death, the erotic destiny he couldn't attain while she lived. After his arrest and confession for her murder, John Wayne hanged himself in his cell, while neighbor inmates called for unhearing guards. He was buried at the precise moment his estranged wife in Miami gave birth to a still-born child.

Brooks chooses to end the film with Theresa's death, to sidestep the post-mortem poetics of this bizarre case. Maybe it's because the events following the catastrophe prove only that Roseann's and John Wayne's story was unique, not horrifyingly universal. Or maybe it's because Brooks was too preoccupied with constructing a cathedral of male grotesques, with its tympanum of a virginal figure surrounded by Mr. Gargoyles.

Music/by Patrick Carr

Not Fade Away

At first, *Love You Live* sounds overbright, overfrenetic, and singularly thoughtless—the same old Stones tunes rearranged to meet the limitations imposed by performing in the oversized bathrooms that make up the world's big-time tour circuit; everything as professional as can be, but basically boring. It might be silly to expect anything else from a live Stones album today—it is indeed a technological and logistical miracle that on their scale of production, they manage to sound even vaguely like themselves—but why make an album of it? *Ya-Yas* was, after all, the basic live Stones record and *Got Live* proved that the Stones could play fast as well as dirty. We all know that the latter-day Stones can blow a crowd over with volume, speed, texture and visual thrills, but so what? Well done, boys. Now we know you're still around and we can relive those fancy moments spent with 30,000 of your other fans.

One problem here is that on the big concert sides (one, two and four), the Stones no longer seem to have a strong lead singer. Jagger's vocals are weird, quirky and often half-assed. This may be because he long ago abandoned the original dynamics of his material in favor of subsequent permutations, and it may be because on stage he has to dance and therefore can't put his all into singing. But mostly, I think, it's because Keith and Ronnie Wood have become the key figures in this kind of performance. Separated from each other by physical distance and unable to hear each other (let alone the rest of the band), they have evolved an extremely speedy, complex rhythm method as the only way of dealing with the situation. They succeed brilliantly—the band on these sides is almost unbelievably dense—but they have left themselves no room for the unpredictable. They are a train, and Mick has to ride it. Together, their task is to keep the crowd excited, leaving no ragged holes at all. What we have is a *band* album; Jagger almost doesn't matter, and that's a considerable shame.

Somewhere in the middle of side two, the initial shock of the Stones sounding like the most professional bunch of guitar-riffers (and little else) subsides, and the record becomes exciting. In this way it is very like their show: it's the communal experience that counts, and this record is well programmed to duplicate it. Tension, density and craziness build, and the effects of smart pacing—and Keith's relentless battering ram—eventually convince you. It catches you up, and things go all wild and wooly. It works—no big deal, it ought to after all these years—and that, at least, is something.

But side three is something else. Side three was recorded this March in a *club*—the El Macombo Club in Toronto—and as soon as that needle goes down, you know you are *there*. If the other three sides (recorded in Paris in '76) are testimonials to the band's defeat of the acoustics of scale, the El Macombo side showcases today's Stones at their most basic level. Provided with a situation in which no one player is more than a few feet away from his mate, and a simple sound system through which all of them can actually hear the singer, the old dogs cook up a storm. It is on this side that we hear the proof of Keith's contention that in Woody he has at last found an ideal partner (check them out on their reggae number, "Crackin' Up"), and realize that Mick is *not* unconscious. Also, through beautifully convoluted versions of "Mannish Boy" and "Little Red Rooster," we get to hear the Stones as a blues band *par excellence*, playing like snakes.

It is only at this juncture that you realize that the Stones have not, in fact, decayed. Keith says that the band is now ready to go into the studio to record a new album of new material, and doubtless in the fullness of time we shall hear the results. On the basis of the four El Macombo tracks (ending, fittingly, with "Around and Around," one of their first records), it would seem that impatient drooling might just be the order of the day. Taken together, those tracks constitute the hardest, funniest, most inspiring rock and roll record in years. Amid the pretty boys and lonely girls and disco dopes of the day, they reek of fire and toughness and humor, spinning us back to the time when our favorite music was still half black, mostly scary and wholly committed; here the Stones, grown-ups now, kick and moan and play with the delighted certainty that they have not lost their essence, but have instead enriched it. They cost a lot—four sides worth of daily bread—but there is no doubt, no doubt at all, that they are worth it. A morsel for we puppies.

Books / by Geoffrey Wolff

The literature of affliction: read it and weep

Eyes, Etc.: A Memoir *by Eleanor Clark.* Pantheon (175 pp., $7.95).
Holy the Firm *by Annie Dillard.* Harper & Row (76 pp., $6.50).

Cesare Pavese wrote that "one ceases to be a child when one realizes that telling one's trouble does not make it any better." But then Pavese, ceasing to be a grown-up as well as a child, killed himself. The subject here is grief, the sharing of grief, the imposition of one's grief upon another. The Jobs among our neighbors are pariahs indeed, not for their boils and bad luck, but for their complaints. We dream (and not entirely, I think, with dread) of the moment the bad news comes. Manipulating a breast, sitting jittery across the desk from a doctor, or simply feeling a hunch in the bones, a *certitude* damn it: how, we wonder, will we take it?

We hope well. And in this culture, at this time, we mean by "well" with dignity. No throwing up. No pounding of fists against the doctor's desk, or face. No heading for the nearest saloon, there to weep into the sauce and lash a burden to the back of the boozer on a neighboring stool. Perhaps (and here the dream takes on some pleasant flavor of nobility) the news-getter will remain a news-holder, checking out clear of debts as well as baggage, leaving the world with an expression of surprise on its mug: *What happened? Where did he go? Jesus! Already? I didn't know, he never told me . . .*

If this is a dream of life enhanced by one terminal affliction, a dream of a code of behavior characterized by modifiers such as "manly" and "stoic" and "graceful" and "valiant," it is also a dream of unknown territory, a speculation. I think it was John Berryman who wrote (before he jumped from a bridge) that we live now in a place and during a time when a man (he didn't speak for a woman, and neither will I) can pass through his life without ever having to discover whether he is brave. Is this why the certainty of our mortality and the fact of pain are sometimes bracing apprehensions? Berryman must have been speaking of the trials of youth; in the long run we all have the opportunity to learn what's what with our characters.

To speak of these things is awkward, and should be. Death and pain, if anything, are personal possessions. And by and large our neighbors are content to leave them to us. I heard a story not long ago about a magazine editor who approached a woman dying of cancer—a writer, a stranger—and asked her to cook up a few thousand words about how it felt. He thought he was being a good editor, poor sod, but no one who heard his proposal thought of him as a good anything. Fact is, most people who will inquire about the history and geography of a mere acquaintance's genitals would prefer to remain ignorant regarding the precise sensation of a best friend's tumor.

How is it, then, that these privileged and perhaps shame-loaded matters, by the seemly manner of their telling on a page (in what we call "cold type"), can be translated from taboos into art? There seem to be two standards: For the editor to have asked a dy-

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVER WILLIAMS

ing woman to report her death was hateful. For the dying woman to report her death, from the discreet distance of formal narrative, could have been "graceful" and "valiant" and noble. Had she told her friends of her imminent passing face-to-face, and at length, she would have intolerably imposed upon them. Had she written this she could have been celebrated for her willingness to share mysteries with her survivors. (But God help her if she wrote her story badly, struck false notes of courage or desperate notes of terror.)

In his essay "Hic et Ille," W.H. Auden is stringent and then some regarding affliction and the personal voice: "*Rejoice with those that do rejoice*. Certainly. But *weep* with them that weep? What good does that do? It is the decent side of us, not our hardness of heart, that is bored and embarrassed at having to listen to the woes of others because, as a rule, we can do nothing to alleviate them. To be curious about suffering which we cannot alleviate . . . is *Schadenfreude* and nothing else. Literary confessors are contemptible, like beggars who exhibit their sores for money, but not so contemptible as the public that buys their books. . . . Our sufferings and weaknesses, in so far as they are personal, *our* sufferings, *our* weaknesses are of no literary interest whatsoever. They are only interesting in so far as we can see them as typical of the human condition. A suffering, a weakness, which cannot be expressed as an aphorism should not be mentioned."

Auden is perhaps less hard-hearted and hard-headed than he seems, but I'm not certain that he doesn't mean precisely what he says. It is difficult to dislike the plain talk and pluck and aggressive good health that characterize this passage, but much of it is wrong-headed. The hyperbole, and unreasoning generalization, of "contemptible" is itself contemptible, and I believe that Auden has uncharacteristically confused motive with effect in his judgment of the redeeming quality of a story "typical of the human condition." It has been my experience that most autobiographical stories written to be read as exemplary are not. It is an error of voice and of character to presume that what is true for me is true as well for thee. Rather, the durable writer labors to tell the truth as best he can about his particular case, his afflictions as well as his ecstasies, and if he is lucky we will connect with his circumstances and with his will to shape and retail them, and his book will have an exemplary effect.

Examples from recent American writing abound. Frank Conroy's *Stop-Time* details an unhappy childhood susceptible of transformation into literature precisely because it was exotic, a life lived among ours that was nothing like ours. We connect with it, but not because it is "typical of the human condition." Who identifies with Frederick Exley drunk and beat-up and sitting in a movie theater utterly befuddled as everyone else laughs at what he does not? There is a drama in the contest between him and us: we are generous enough to make room for the upstream swimmer, and the upstream swimmer is generous enough to assume this, knowing as well that our hospitality is limited to his presence represented on a page of type, and does not extend to his substantial presence in our dining rooms. So, again, the duality: we will respectfully read what we will not hear or see, breathing face to breathing face.

The literature of candor, moreover, has different effects depending upon its setting. Joan Didion's domestic anxieties achieve a perfect intimacy pressed between the covers of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, but discovered as magazine columns among the odds and ends of *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, written to space and on deadline, they had too calculated an effect. I suspect that this is a problem not of the writer but of the beholder: when the late Stewart Alsop's account of his mortal cancer began to appear in his *Newsweek* column in 1971, it struck me as an uninvited confidence, as somehow shameless. Like Auden (I should be so lucky as to share more with him), I was wrong. But it wasn't till 1973, when I read the same material in a book, *Stay of Execution*, that I understood why I was wrong. In his preface, Alsop writes that he has "quite often wondered what it would be like to be told I had an inoperable and lethal cancer, and I suspect that a lot of other people have wondered the same thing. If a writer has had an unusual experience likely to interest a good many people, he has an instinct, and perhaps even a duty, to write about it . . . Death is, after all, the only universal experience except birth, and although a sensible person hopes to put it off as long as possible, it is, even in anticipation, an interesting experience."

Of course no one yet has brought news of death from the other shore, so it is dying we hear of, and all those metaphorical and not so metaphorical experiences of dying that we call afflictions: disease, pain, doubt, despair, grief. The affliction of a sudden but not quite absolute blindness is the subject of Eleanor Clark's *Eyes, Etc.* The author is as terse as her title. I first came to know her when I lived in Brittany and read her account of that region, *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, a wonderful book, part history part zoology part sociology part memoir part something unlike any other book I have read. It is putatively about the oysters and oystermen and oysterwomen around the Bay of Auray and the Gulf of Morbihan. It tells how oysters grow, and have been eaten and abused. It is a celebration, that is, of appetite, a witty and sunny book in many ways. But shadows fall continually across this sun, and when the book is most personally expressive it seems angry, sometimes almost enraged.

The source of Clark's rage is artfully unspecified. Her deeply felt but by no means novel dislike of the displacement of old customs and artifacts by fabrications of plastic and vinyl is part of it. But the nature of Clark's anger is personal. She does not thrust herself upon her readers, preferring to reveal her voice and her passion in stories about the townspeople of Locmariaquer, and with only a few exceptions the stories she chooses to tell are of people who have suffered, of a woman blocked from the fulfillment of her dreams by a pinched and spiteful mother and of a girl, spoiled by her selfless mother and grandmother, who drinks poison and dies in prolonged and awful pain.

Suicide is the exceptional outcome to grief among the people admired by Clark: "If the going is rough they will not think of trying their luck somewhere else but will dig in deeper." (She is preoccupied with suicide still, but contemptuous of it, calling it "the Sylvia Plath virus.") And the going gets rougher and rougher, until the awful winter of 1962-63 kills that year's oyster business, and nearly starves the people who live by it, and invites Clark's controlled rage, and then you suddenly understand what makes her so mad. She is furious at cold weather, at the fragility of organisms, at dissolution and decay, at change, at ignorance, at the whole damned set-up.

But *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* is not memorable for its author's anger. *Eyes, Etc.* is almost nothing else but an expression of its author's anger. When she learned absolutely that she would for practical purposes, and meta-practical needs, be blind, Clark said: "But goddammit Doctor, can't you understand, I can't read! I can't read! Why should I want to live like that?" The doctor had no answer, nor should he have. So this woman, now in her mid-sixties, supported by the extraordinary friendship and affection of her husband, Robert Penn Warren, and a son and daughter, a network of kinship and common taste that holds this discursive narrative like a web, journeys through her affliction as Odysseus journeys through the world.

Clark is as discreet as she is spare, so that few names or places are specified. Specific density is achieved

in *Eyes, Etc.* by its association with the Robert Fitzgerald translations of *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*: all that Clark gives us of place are free-floating references to a house in Vermont and another in Connecticut (in fact, Fairfield), and time is unpinned, save to seasonal flux. But *Eyes, Etc.* has a chronological spine, moving forward through successive readings aloud of blind Homer's most wonderfully specific accounts of affliction, code and endurance.

Clark, at first furious at her fate, still furious at her fate, wanders the desert of her grief and anger till she finds her way home. Her love of Homer is the benign aspect of her belief in heroes, a belief whose shadowed and sometimes blind side is a division of the world's creatures into "us" and "them." We all do this, of course: anyone with sufficient character to assume responsibility for his acts must believe that acts count, that there is a distinction between good and bad, that some people, like some acts, are better than others.

Written on huge sketch pads with magic markers, this journal is a bid for self-salvation, and such a consequential bid requires relentless honesty, and *Eyes, Etc.* displays relentless honesty. It is often wearing, and always risky, to be honest; Clark shows us things about herself that were only implied in *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*: she can be shrill in her anger, she is a kind of snob capable of speaking of someone as "a nobody" and of another as having "done a little time in a third-rate college."

She is cocksure: "Anybody who's against birth control and abortion has to be a criminal idiot." She hates jargon and popular pastimes. She hates hard: hates dishonesty, pretension, thoughtlessness. When a counter-girl at a cafeteria is impatient at Clark's clumsiness, these hatreds converge: " . . . you cringe before these people, when not wanting to beat the bejeesus out of them instead."

But then honesty pays its dividends, in the sentences that follow the contempt above: "But look who's complaining at their rudeness and unkindness. You wouldn't want to exchange your life and mind for theirs, would you? you think they have no grievances of their own?" The grievances of others, if sometimes regarded from a presumptuously Olympian elevation, cause Clark finally to become "just not all that interested" in her own affliction.

If Clark has Homer for consolation, she has Mike F. and his daughter for provocation. Mike F. is a family friend, a young lawyer with an infant daughter. Or he was a young man, and she was a baby girl. Now they are dead. He was mugged and killed in a New Haven alley, and she was hurt too, and suffered brain damage, and died. So Clark is, as she says, "barely a novice in affliction," but she also knows that other people's burdens do not lighten our own, and it must have been this reality—the futility of sharing grief and mourning the dead—that so irritated Auden. But if whining is a justly unheard melody, and if authentic sympathy—the crippled foot slipped into someone else's corrective shoe—is uncomfortable and even impossible, writing is a way into, through and out of grief.

It is a miracle, and I do not cease to wonder at it, how noble is one truth or another on the page. Under the eye of care and intelligence, of labor and taste, of prose that does not cheat or blink, there is no blindness. There is something under the sun that has been named and experienced: just as Job's affliction, or Mike F.'s widow's affliction, is not Eleanor Clark's affliction, so is the experience of reading her narrative not her experience of writing it. But both experiencers, distanced by form (that lexical kinsman of formality), achieve a kind of intimacy that voids considerations of shame and intrusion.

There is no formula, of course. The distance *is* the voice, and the voice is everything, but neither the writer nor the reader has at command a table of measures: you may come this close, but no closer. *Holy the Firm* is forever at an unmeasurable, unknowable, distance from its reader. Annie Dillard, the author of *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, writes about November days and nights on the northern shore of Puget Sound. She writes about the immolation of a moth in the flame of a candle, and the burning of a 7-year-old girl's face in a small plane accident. She writes about affliction. She writes about God.

Her prose is impacted, scrupulous, unsettlingly intense. Dillard writes as though the stakes were as pricey as life, and for her they are. She believes in God, and in design, and she believes also, I think, that if she writes with perfect (whatever "perfect" may mean) accuracy about the specifics of her belief, if she gets all that she knows right, we may see what she sees. This is how poetry works, but I don't think it is the way faith works, or not for me.

In her spare and exacting ambition to write no jot less nor more than her conviction, Dillard radiates away from the specific toward the abstract; a distance opens unintended, and faith lurches dizzy from study off its path into the shambles of theology. Eleanor Clark, whose own inclinations commonly favor the revealing tic grounded in action, a code of behavior if you will, grouses in *Eyes, Etc.* about the institution of philosophy, asking, "Who needs a philosophy that doesn't ask the meaning of life but only how to lead a good one?"

Annie Dillard asks the meaning of life, and answers for herself her hard question, but her answer cannot travel across the vast distance that divides her from this disbelieving reader. Not that she uses her faith as a shield; on the contrary, she puts it to continual tests: "I came here to study hard things—rock mountain and salt sea—and to temper my spirit on their edges." And her studies are tough-minded and of microscopic intensity: the moth that flies into the flame of her candle is observed with an almost unbearable acuity, and Julie Norwich, her face consumed by a "gob of flung ignited vapor," is no abstract of affliction, lying there in her hospital bed: "Can you scream without lips? Yes." There is nothing soft-minded about Dillard's own cry of anger and pain: "God despises everything, apparently," but at that "apparently" she begins to outrun me, and to go where I have no wish to follow.

Dillard's mind resists the tug of homily and aphorism, and in this resistance is at its best, as I am able to experience its expression. So that in her meditation upon pain and bad luck she finds her way to the roadside beggar blind since birth who stumbled into Jesus. Christ was asked whether the man or his parents had sinned, to provoke such an affliction. "And Christ, who spat on the ground, made a mud of his spittle and clay, plastered the mud over the man's eyes, and gave him sight, answered: 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.'" To which Dillard fittingly responds: "Really? If we take this answer to refer to the affliction itself—and not the subsequent cure—as 'God's works made manifest,' then we have, along with 'Not as the world gives do I give unto you,' two meager, baffling, and infuriating answers to one of the few questions worth asking, to wit, What in the Sam Hill is going on here?"

That is, the rhetoric of the son of God cannot explain or ennoble affliction. Neither can rhetoric make a disbeliever believe. Language has limits. Telling the truth on a page can work wonders, but it cannot do everything, cannot *do* anything. Concede to Auden the limits of self-examination: it cannot alleviate the physical manifestation of pain. Agree with him that tact matters: that the autobiographer should bind himself to the rules of confession to a priest: "*Be brief, be blunt, be gone.*" But repudiate Auden's corollary: "Be brief, be blunt, forget." To forget affliction is to surrender to it.

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

PAY LAY! / By Mark Goodman

Final Tribute

The best-known celebrity in the world is not Jackie Onassis, or Henry Kissinger, or even Muhammad Ali. It is, by all surveyed accounts, a stocky, jug-eared Brazilian athlete named Edson Arantes do Nascimento — Pelé to you. Ali, after all, does not hold the French *Legion d'Honneur*, Jackie has yet to be received by Queen Elizabeth, and it was not Henry Kissinger who single-handedly halted the Biafran civil war for two days. As if to underscore the breadth of Pelé's eminence, those very lights (with Robert Redford substituting for Jackie) joined the hoarse crowd of 75,646 that jammed Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands on October 1 to pay tearful homage to this simple, good-hearted fellow who could do such magical things with a simple round ball.

As another half *billion* fans of the world's most popular sport watched via ABC–TV satellite, Pelé sat quietly in the dressing room preparing for his last official soccer match. He would play one half with his recent club, the New York Cosmos of the North American Soccer League, and half with Santos of Brazil, the team for which he starred for 18 seasons. Into the locker room burst none other than Pelé's new friend, Ali himself, who bestowed on the soccer king the most astonishing accolade in the chronicle of modern sport: "Don't forget, you and I are the greatest in the whole world!"

I fully expected Henry Kissinger to drop in next and tell Pelé that the two of them were the world's most skillful ambassadors, but even Pelé can inspire only so much humility. Still, it was a day for honest, old-fashioned, unabashed idolatry. As the crowd chanted "PAY–LAY! PAY–LAY!" he trotted out and stepped to the microphones in the center of the field. Dozens of children garlanded him with flowers. He lifted one little girl into his arms as he addressed the quieted crowd, saying, "I want to take this opportunity to ask you to pay attention to the young of the world, the children, the kids. We need them too much. . . . " Overcome, he stumbled a bit over his words, then found himself and concluded, "Love is more important than what we can take in life. Everything pass. Please say with me, three times — Love! Love! Love!" And they did.

That is the kind of embarrassing drivel we are accustomed to enduring at the end of a Jerry Lewis telethon. Certainly we are not used to hearing that from our American mercenaries; they speak Annuity, and it is not an emotional tongue. But here we have a man who embodies all the virtues that Americans, mythologists that we are, used to ascribe to our own heroes; Pelé's life is an authentic folk fable. The son of a minor-league soccer player known as Dondinho, Edson grew up in the dirt-poor interior town of Tres Coracoes, spent his boyhood learning to kick a sock stuffed with rags on rocky Brazilian hillsides. A one-time Brazilian star named Waldemar de Britto discovered him and paid the boy out of his own pocket to come play for the Santos club. He did, and at age 15 Pelé (a nickname which means nothing) scored four goals in his first professional game.

He was an international legend by the time he reached his majority, leading Brazil to World Cup titles in 1958 and 1962. Dazzling his opponents with diving head shots, scissor kicks and his patented backflip "bicycle" kick, he proved to be perhaps the most remarkable athlete in the history of any sport. For example: in this final exhibition game, the 1,363rd of his professional career, Pelé scored his 1,281st goal, an average of nearly a goal a game. That is approximately the equivalent of Babe Ruth or Hank Aaron hitting 2,500 career home runs.

The adulation that poured down on Pelé is hard for Americans to appreciate fully because we still don't entirely comprehend the maniacal devotion of soccer fans the world over. He would turn down countless offers from courts and presidential palaces on five continents, but on a stroll with Prince Philip in London he stopped to chat at length with British schoolchildren. In Biafra he really did effect a two-day truce by playing an exhibition game for the government troops, then crossing the bloody Niger River to play another for the rebels.

Pelé decided to pack it in in 1974, but came out of retirement to accept an offer of $4.7 million for three years to galvanize soccer in America. No fool, Pelé was attracted by the money; you don't have to grow up kicking a sock stuffed with rags to be tempted by $4.7 million. But Clive Toye, then owner of the Cosmos and one of those old Fleet Street hustlers that Laurence Harvey always played, also appealed to another side of Pelé. Come to the United States, he told him; come to the last benighted kingdom that soccer has not conquered.

Pelé had done what seemed impossible. Within two years the Cosmos, as well as the 17 other NASL teams were playing before packed, big-league houses, and parents across the land applauded the fierce new enthusiasm of their youngsters for a sport that required only shorts, shoes and an open field, and didn't threaten to crack half their bones before they could vote.

Now soccer has other superstars to take Pelé's place. There's the Italian Chinaglia and the German Beckenbauer for the Cosmos, and even the Texan Kyle Rote Jr. of the Dallas Tornado. I doubt it will be long before soccer, too, falls into a hopeless tangle of legal disputes, renegotiated contracts, celestial demands, player walkouts. And so, at game's end, when Pelé, awash in rain and tears, took his last lap bearing a Brazilian flag in one hand and a U.S. flag in the other, I thought: it would be an exaggeration to say that this is the last innocent man, but I must surely be witness to the exit of the last innocent professional athlete. ●

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